The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The bi-centenary of the birth of Henry Fielding occurs on the 22nd of April. We have pleasure in informing our readers that the next number of THE BOOKMAN will contain an illustrated article on the novelist by Professor Saintsbury.

The next volume of Mr. Heinemann's "Contemporary Men of Letters Series" has something inevitable in its juxtaposition of author and subject. It was certain that sooner or later the subtleties of Mr. George Meredith's genius would attract the adventurous spirit of Mr. Chesterton; and our most original critic is sure to have an individual interpretation of our greatest novelist.

Mrs. Ainsworth Davies, wife of Professor Ainsworth Davies, of Aberystwyth, has written a novel, "When Half Gods Go," which is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. Professor Davies is himself not unknown to literature, having written several text-books and published various translations from the German. He edited the revision of the Tauchnitz Dano-Norwegian Dictionary. "When Half Gods Go" is a novel on the large scale, and is, we understand, a work of an outstanding character.

Mrs. Sellar, the widow of Professor Sellar, of Edinburgh University, and aunt of Andrew Lang, has written a volume of "Recollections and Impressions," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. Mrs. Sellar and her husband were on terms of intimate friendship with Tennyson and Jowett, and she has much to say of them. Her "Recollections" also include memories of Carlyle, De Quincey, George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, Dr. John Brown, Dean Stanley, Sir Alexander and Lady Grant, Principal Tulloch, Mrs. Oliphant, Sir John Skelton, Browning, Turgenieff, Matthew Arnold, Edmund Lushington, Norman Macleod, Sir David Brewster, the Ferriers, Lord Bowen, Principal Story, J. A. Froude, Professor Huxley and Principal Shairp.

The death of Giosuè Carducci removes one of the greatest, probably the greatest, of the inspirers of Italian Renaissance to-day. His efforts in loosening the fetters of old Italian phrase and metaphor may be compared almost to those of Victor Hugo; and Carducci will be remembered long, not ungratefully, on the lips of his greatest disciple, D'Annunzio.

Carducci led at the same time the revolt against Manzoni, and the return for inspiration to the ideals of ancient Rome. All Italian life was to him, even to this day, an abstract of this idea. His own life and attitude as an Italian of the Latin Renaissance created an impression greater than any single work. Before he obtained the prize from the Academy of Stockholm, a subscription was formed to subsidise the poet, under colour of a subscription for a collective

edition of his verse. But Carducci refused the alms with disdain. When, however, Queen Marguerita offered to purchase the reversion of his house and library at Bologna for 50,000 lire, he accepted the generous proposal.

The commemoration that will be in most of our readers' minds at the end of the present February is that of the poet Longfellow, who was born at Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. It is barely seventy years since he entered upon his heritage by writing "The Psalm of Life." But seventy years is a fairly long time for a poet, admittedly not of the first rank, to keep his memory as green as Longfellow has done.

Sir Walter Scott once said of his poems to Washington Irving that they were not gems of a fine water, but were nice cairngorms, and as long as the taste for Scottish pebbles lasted they would remain popular. Something of the kind might be said of Longfellow's poems of sentiment. They appeal to a simple and direct order of taste. Their melody is a little cloying, but, at its best, has the pure resonance of a good and familiar hymn. Their sentiment is absolutely sincere, without *arrière pensée*. Their triteness is that of "truisms that make one weep," as Tennyson said of "Can storied urn or animated bust?" Longfellow is in no danger of being forgotten.

As a transplanter of the "Poetic" of Old England into New England, Longfellow has remained without a rival. He has, moreover, confuted his old detractor, Edgar Allan Poe, in a very triumphant way. Poe maintained that the long poem was obsolete. The most popular of Longfellow's works is "Evangeline," a long poem, written in experimental hexameters. Thousands and thousands of school children in the States and in Canada yearly con the tale of the desolation of Grand Pré, and commiserate the more or less imaginary sorrows of the Acadians. The legend is as debatable as that of "Sweet Auburn." But there is something "tender" about the name. Meantime, tourists flock to Annapolis. Books are written. French take one side, English the other. Historians say this. Jesuits say that. No one pities the poor Huguenots, the poor Palatines, or the American loyalists; while the sufferings of Jacobites and Acadians are blown in every ear. And "Evangeline" feeds the flame of controversy.

The late Sir W. Howard Russell.
Photo John Patrick, Edinburgh.

We observe with pleasure that Mr. Symons's acute and well documented "Introduction to Browning" has celebrated its twenty-first birthday by a new edition. It is not quite so personable a book as the 1886 issue, but it contains some additional matter—preface and bibliography. We gather that Mr. Symons has transferred his suzerainty among modern poets from Browning to Blake, on which subject an *étude approfondie* is expected from him in the near future.

Messrs. Methuen are on the point of issuing the complete collected edition of Oscar Wilde's works. The long inaccessibility of some of these has doubtless constituted one of the stimulants towards the present interest. The new edition, which will be in about fourteen volumes, will contain, moreover, some hitherto unpublished matter. Too often but the wilful perverter of the principles of Pater's famous "Conclusion," Wilde is at his best one of the most brilliant of English prose writers. His mastery of words and genius for paradox give his essays a place among the choicest of literary *hors d'œuvres*.

Mr. Reginald Horsley, who has already placed to his credit that strikingly successful romance, "Stonewall's Scouts," and some two or three admirable books for boys, has lately completed a story of adventure in New Zealand during the Maori Wars, which Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack are presently publishing. Also for Messrs. Jack he is engaged upon a History of New Zealand, for inclusion in their series of popular histories. Mr. Horsley spent most of his childhood and youth in Australasia, and is intimately acquainted with the country and the people whose story he is writing.

One of the most interesting links with the journalism of the old school has been broken by the death of Sir William Howard Russell at the age of eighty-six. He lived to see many revolutions in journalism and many changes even in the special department of war-correspondence, of which he was the undoubted founder. Later correspondents have surpassed him in gifts of style, but he will always hold an honoured position in the history of journalism for the new power and importance he gave to it by his fearless exposure of official incompetence during the Crimean war.

Mr. G. B. Burgin, whose latest novel, "Peggy the Pilgrim," is already in a second edition, has two new novels appearing this autumn. The first of these, which is a London story, entitled "Which Woman," was suggested to Mr. Burgin by a letter that was written to a well-known brother-novelist, and did not reach him until two years after it was posted. Except that the signature is altered, this letter, which inspired Mr. Burgin with the character of his heroine, Lady Marion Revel, is reproduced verbatim in the book. It is to be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. The other novel, "Fanuela," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing, is a Canadian story, and deals with the influence of heredity on a young habitant who is brought up as a Presbyterian minister, but being thrown amongst his mother's people ultimately becomes one of them again.

A new edition of Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "Stevensoniana," which was originally issued by Mr. Grant Richards, is to be published very shortly by Mr. John Grant, of Edinburgh. The book is illustrated with over forty photographs, and contains a new preface that touches on certain points of interest that arose in connection with the first issue.

Another volume on which Mr. Hammerton has been engaged for some time past, and will publish this spring, is a selection of humorous stories and poems, to be entitled "English Humorists of To-day." It comprises appreciations of sixteen living humorous writers, with examples from the works of each, the authors thus represented including Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Jerome, Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, etc. The book will contain numerous illustrations by leading black-and-white artists.

A new edition of the "complete works" of Captain John Smith, of Virginia, from the text of Professor Arber, with a biographical introduction by Mr. A. G. Bradley, is contemplated, and will be opportune in connection with the tercentenary of the founding of Jamestown, Va.

The Historical Association was fortunate in obtaining a farewell speech from Mr. Bryce at their first representative meeting. It must have gratified many of his hearers, most of them working teachers, to hear the dignity (and also, incidentally, the difficulty) of history teaching assessed so high. The programme of the Association was highly commended, and, under the able guidance of Professor Firth, there can be no doubt that it will be a potent instrument for the amelioration of history teaching, history status, and history manuals.

The February number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* contains a warm tribute to the late Mr. Fletcher Robinson, who succeeded to the editorship when Mr. A. H. Bullen doffed the mantle of Sylvanus Urban.

Johnson's House, 17, Gough Square.
(Reproduced from an illustrated edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," by kind permission of Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.)

Towards the end of last year Mr. Robinson also became editor of the *World*. The *Gentleman's Magazine* he lived to conduct for but three weeks.

Mr. Fisher Unwin announces "The Hermit of Carmel, and other Poems," by Professor George Santayana, the Harvard philosopher. Mr. Santayana, who is a Spaniard by birth, has had a singularly cosmopolitan education, for after graduating at Harvard, he studied at Berlin and at Cambridge, and was also a Lecturer at the Sorbonne. His works on "The Life of Reason" have given him a high place among American thinkers. His poems are mainly of a philosophical character. One or two of them owe their inspiration to the days at King's College, Cambridge. Professor Santayana's sonnets have met with high praise from English and American critics.

An interesting book, entitled "The London Police Courts," is announced by Messrs. Dent. We understand that the author, Mr. H. P. R. Gamon, is a barrister, who has had special opportunities afforded him for studying his subject. He is associated with the social mission of Toynbee Hall—that has done so much fine work in the East End of London.

A new novel by "Q," with the fascinating title of "Poison Island," is announced by Smith, Elder and Co. It is said to be a story of a treasure hunt, and is therefore, in a sense, a return to "Q's" earlier manner.

A book that will be eagerly looked forward to by a wide circle of readers is the forthcoming "Correspondence of Dr. John Brown," the author of "Rab and his Friends." The collection will certainly prove a

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.
Author of "By the Light of the Soul," reviewed at page 269.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Harper and Bros.)

real accession to epistolary literature, for it contains the letters both of Dr. Brown and of his friends, who included Ruskin and Thackeray, and many other Victorian men of mark.

Miss I. A. Taylor, who has already won distinction in the field of historical biography, has finished a new volume on "Queen Hortense and her Friends." The Queen was the step-daughter of Napoleon I. and the wife of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland.

Among forthcoming books of travel and adventure a premier place will be accorded to Commander Peary's story of his great expedition of 1905 in the *Roosevelt*, when the explorer reached the record limit of 87.06 deg.

A disquieting rumour has obtained currency to the effect that the Reading Room of the British Museum is to be closed for six months during the present summer for the purpose of cleansing the interior of the dome. The work has been urgently needed for considerably over thirty years. The dome presents from the interior of the camera a highly repulsive appearance, from which small flakes of soot detach themselves and flutter down incontinently. The roof, the chaos which seems eternally to reign in the binding department, and the irrational selection of one or two departments of the select library of reference to which the readers have immediate access, constitute the three blemishes upon an administration which probably approaches nearer perfection, upon the whole, than any other library in Europe, if not in the world, and has always been justly renowned for the exceptional politeness, urbanity, and helpfulness of its personnel.

Meanwhile, considerable panic reigns among the habitués of the round room. The prospect to a hardened bookmaker of being suddenly called upon to use his inventive faculties is the reverse of agreeable. The class of readers whose manhood is being steadily sapped by the desire for general information will also suffer severely. A pathetic side is presented by the stolid indifference of the official or the general public to the long drawn tale of woe. To the average man the idea of a book famine has no terrors whatsoever.

The conclusion of Mr. Doughty's remarkable epic, "The Dawn in Britain," is reviewed at a later page. In view of its vocabulary, some critics have been unable to decide whether it could really be called an English epic. Touching this question, we have received the following inquiry from "An Indignant Ratepayer":—

"Dear Mr. Doughty, what is this new manner
Of epic rumption or dyspeptic prose?
Critics affob old Milton's rag-limp banner,
Occhy,* occhy, not fit to terge your nose.
Occhy's a kind of ancient Esperanner,
Old Philomela jug-jugged to the rose!
Could I but savvy, ah, then I'd die content,
Your epic's undetected argument.

Oh, Doughty, Druid, set it up in Braille,
That fingers, if not eyne, may sense it out!
Twisteth no more thy head betwooth thy tayle,
Telleth us plinthly whatth it all about.
Choketh thou stammereth grammar? Growing pale.
Livy Thucydides followeth in fell rout!
Trembleth ye critics, piggething i' the poke,
What if the whole corrumption be—a joak?"

* The note, according to Mr. Doughty, of the Ancient British Nightingale.

A striking novel upon the theme of sex-conflict and the inevitable antagonism of interests under certain modern conditions has been written by Miss Constance Smedley, and will be published by Messrs. Constable under the title of "Conflict." The scene is laid in modern Birmingham.

In connection with the long spring season of French plays, a very interesting historical and social sketch of the "Comédie Française" has just been brought out by M. Frederic Loliée (Laveur, Editeur) with a preface by the popular dramatist, Paul Hervieu. The illustrations are of the first order of interest, and the story of the most famous of troupes from the days of Molière and Beaumarchais to those of Rachel and Mounet-Sully is itself a chronicle-drama of poignant interest and charm.

Among the most interesting literary articles of the month, we should like to call the attention of readers to a new study of "George Bernard Shaw" in the *Revue Germanique* by Jean Blum, a very elaborate study of Carducci by Ricciotto Canudo in the *Mercure* (Feb. 1, 1907), and a very able article on Lafcadio Hearn (whose letters have so fully justified our prediction of January) by Ferris Greenslet, the biographer of Lowell, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Among recent announcements of the Shakespeare

Head Press, we are glad to observe a second series of "Collectanea," by Mr. Charles Crawford, which is to contain, we hear, a very minute and categorical refutation of the Shakespeare-Bacon folly. Mr. Bullen himself is going to write a prefatorial note to a reprint of William Drummond's beautiful threnody, "A Cypress Grove," which has, we believe, never before been reprinted in its entirety.

We hail with exceptional interest a literary thesis on the "Foreign Debt" of our literature by a classical professor in Melbourne, Mr. T. G. Tucker, which has just been published by Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons. The influence of Hellenic thought upon the European mind is shown to have been very much distorted. The intention of the book is quite admirable, and all English students should read it.

"The Wood End," published last year, was a very remarkable first novel by Mr. J. E. Buckrose, which exhibited singular maturity of style. A new novel by the same writer will be published shortly, entitled "The Toll Bar."

An ingenious variant of the story of Enoch Arden is the subject of a novel shortly to be published by Miss Winifred Boggs, who gained with it one of the prizes in the *Daily Mail* fiction competition. Messrs. Hutchinson will publish the volume this spring.

For more than sixty years the London Library has been of priceless service to all engaged in literary work. To many writers it is impossible to work except in the privacy of their own room, and to such the London Library is an invaluable substitute for the British Museum.

The Library, as is well known, was founded by Carlyle, who, when he was beginning his "Cromwell," felt the need of having the necessary books of reference in his study. The energy with which he followed the matter up is revealed in the little book newly edited by Mr. Frederic Harrison, entitled "Carlyle and the London Library." These letters of Carlyle, now published for the first time, were addressed chiefly to Mr. W. D. Christie, his most zealous supporter, who is remembered by all English scholars for his excellent work on Dryden.

An interesting point in the ethics of copyright has arisen in connection with the republication of Ruskin's earlier works. Many of them were revised and expanded by their author in later editions, and it has been urged in some quarters that to reprint the earlier non-copyright versions is an injustice to the author's reputation. In the present state of the law of copyright, it is impossible to dogmatise on such a matter. The injustice is apparent enough in the reprinting of the earlier and cruder versions of an author's work. But the other view of the case may easily end in a *reductio ad absurdum*. If an author published a book at the age of twenty and recast it at the age of eighty, the copyright, according to this view, would be revived for a period of forty-two years from the latter date, amounting altogether to a copyright for a hundred and two years, instead of the maximum of forty-nine years contemplated by the existing Act.

In actual practice the difficulty suggested above cannot often present itself, and where it does, it carries with it to a great extent its own corrective. In the case of fiction it cannot occur at all. For the novelist must adhere to the dictum, "What I have written, I have written." Forty-two years after its publication, or seven years after its author's death—whichever be the longer period—a novel is free to the publisher who cares to reprint it. The same would hold good, we should have supposed, of any educational or scientific work.

For the illustration of our special article on "Edinburgh in Literature" we desire to express our indebtedness to the courtesy of Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons and Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.

Miss Evelyn Underhill.

Author of "The Lost Word," reviewed at page 273.

From a photograph by C. King, kindly supplied by Mr. William Heinemann.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. EDWARD THOMAS.

THE highest expression of the intellectual life of our day is probably to be found in the small group of essayists and miscellaneous writers of whom Mr. Thomas is one. He has had, it is true, no popular success to balance Mr. Belloc's "Bad Child's Book of Beasts," or Mr. Chesterton's entertaining skit on Browning, and is consequently not so widely known: his work has not the wide virility of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, nor the champagne sparkle of Mr. Beerbohm, nor the Lamb-like felicity of Mr. Lucas, nor the energy of Mr. Belloc, nor the happy tavern enthusiasm of Mr. Chesterton; but he expresses something in the modern attitude that not one of them attempts to express, and that some of them, perhaps a little indignantly, would refuse to understand. He is different from all of them, and included in none of them, so that his place among them is assured.

He has written six books of essays, the last three of them, "Oxford," "Wales," and "The Heart of England," being published in the form of colour books with gaudy pictures, as if the public had to be coaxed into the buying of something good. He has edited Dyer's Poems, and Borrow's "Bible in Spain." He is shortly to publish an anthology of country songs, and is the editor of a large volume of nature study, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to issue in monthly parts.

It is very easy for a modern to produce essays moulded on an older writer, and to make them so good an imitation as to seem, to the careless reader, as charming and as original as the model. There is a kind of fireside essayist who is always sure of an effect because he chooses subjects and affects sentiments that convention has already made delightful. Several estimable people have won their year or two of admiration in this way. Mr. Thomas is not that kind of man. He expresses a new, an individual attitude that has not been expressed before, and consequently his work finds a less ready welcome than stuff for whose enjoyment long custom has prepared a host of readers. Mr. Thomas's readers are readers worth having.

He was influenced by Pater and Richard Jefferies; by Pater in his precision of speech, by Jefferies in his accuracy of observation. These two characteristics mark his criticism as clearly as they distinguish his original essays. His reviews, which carry weight in more than one of the least degraded of the newspapers, demand always these two things, and, of these things, the last first. To have seen with his own eyes, and to have expressed with his own choice of words, are Mr. Thomas's wishes for himself, and he judges other men's books by the same standard. Careless writing may be pardoned an author whose material is rich and of his own finding, but the most exquisite diction will not prevent the condemnation of a writer who has not taken the trouble to observe.

In his own writing Mr. Thomas is a zealous observer first, and an accurate workman afterwards. His writing is always the result of his observation, never *vice versa*. We remember once noticing the conscientious care he gave to observation in the writing of a few short paragraphs about the mudbanks of the river. He could not satisfy himself, and when he failed, he did not, as most writers would have done, twist the sentences about, or bring in fresh words from the dictionary, but went to the river again until his detailed observation made the paragraphs perfect. On this point, of the preference of observation over writing, he is very sensitive, as he has often been accused of preciosity. Mr. Thomas's writing certainly has with it such an air of elaboration and revision that it is difficult not to believe that he writes as Pater or the Goncourts wrote, altering his words and their order, until they seem as near perfection as he chooses to expect. It is not so. Mr. Thomas writes fast. He does not hack his work out in the rough, and then cut and polish it into its final form. For him, writing as he has almost always had to write, in a race with time, such a method would be impossible. Indeed, accustomed to write at speed, he finds himself unable to do better by writing slowly, and even his favourite essays are not more laboriously tinkered than his reviews. Any writing that is not mere manufactured stuff takes its character from its author's mind, and Mr. Thomas is a careful-minded man. However fast he may have to write, his work never has the appearance of haste. His sentences are ready in his head before he sits down to write them. He hardly corrects them at all, so that if his writings have the atmosphere of an individual and precise style, it is his good fortune, and not, as some would have it, his fault.

The events in Mr. Thomas's life had happened before the age at which most people begin to live, and so interfered very little with the simple development of his work. He was born in 1878, and published his first book when he was seventeen, and his second when only a few years older. He was a History scholar at Oxford, and in 1901 left town for a cottage at Bearsted, moved on to a farm near Sevenoaks, and is settled to-day in a cottage in Hampshire. Nothing else has occurred to break the continuity of a life made more than usually homogeneous by incessant reviewing. This is perhaps the explanation of his steadfast allegiance to his first Gods. He has made no wild exuberant pilgrimage from point of view to point of view. His first book, written when the lead weight of suburban life was still heavy on him, when brief holidays in Wiltshire, and such breaths of country air as may be snatched by a town boy in a Saturday afternoon, were all the opportunities he had had, was a book of woodland studies. His last volume is a collection of essays on the heart of English country.

It was, however, his second book, written, we think, before he was twenty-one, that contained the first prophecy of his later work. The author of "The

Woodland Life" might have turned out a naturalist. The author of "Horae Solitariae" could only have been Edward Thomas. "Horae Solitariae" is the book of a young scholar, able to quote Latin with enthusiasm; it is made more than that, by an earnest feeling for form and colour, by passionately sincere studies in landscape and still life. The same passionate sincerity, in writing of the same things, characterises the broader and more human work he does to-day. But he has developed, simply and directly. His studies of landscape are now revelations of a grown man's temperament, no longer of the more shallow enthusiasms of a youth. In his studies of still life he has come to see behind the things themselves, and to give them a deeper, a more pertinent vitality. Read, for example, these short paragraphs, that give, short as they are, a better notion of the essayist than can be conveyed by any amount of analysis:—

Photo Frederick H Evans.

Mr. Edward Thomas.

"The ship, the chariot, the plough, these three are, I suppose, the most sovereign beautiful things which man has made in his time, and such that were his race to pass away from the earth, would bring him most worship among his successors.

"All are without parallel in nature, wrought out of his own brain by unaided man; and yet, during their life, worthy by their beauty, their purpose and their motion to challenge anything made by the gods on the earth or in the sea; and after their life is done, sublime and full of awe, so that when we come upon them neglected, and see their fair heroic curves, the dirge at their downfall passes inevitably into a pæan to their majesty. And they are very old. Probably the beasts and the birds, the winds and waves and hills know us as the creatures who make the ship, the chariot and the plough. These three things, as they go about their work, must have become universal symbols, so that when a man comes in sight, the other inhabitants of the earth say: Here is he who sails in ships and drives the chariot and guides the plough. And the greatest of all is the plough. It is without pride and also without vanity. The ship and the chariot have sometimes tried to conceal their ancient simplicity, though they have never done without it. But the plough is the same—in shape like a running hound, with tail uplifted and muzzle bowed to the scent."

That is the man foreshadowed by "Horae Solitariae"; towards this realisation of himself has Mr. Thomas moved through the three other volumes that came between that book, and his last, from which these paragraphs are taken.

We have heard people lament that Mr. Thomas has had to waste so much of his time on reviewing. It is true that much of his best work has whistled down the wind in old literary pages; but it is also true that the doing of it made him write more than he would otherwise have written, and read much that he would otherwise not have read. Mr. Thomas has so consistent a mind that he owes his development to his perpetual business, that kept him writing, and at the same time compelled him to realise a world outside his own. For, like most good essayists, he is a lover of indolence; a fairly good walker, something of a gamekeeper in his knowledge of nature, something of a poet in his feeling for it, an excellent judge of a country inn, a lover of old songs and new books, he has all the qualifications of the best kind of literary "vagabond." If he had not written so much, we are convinced he would not have written so admirably. If he had not been kept so busy we doubt if he would have broadened as he has. As it is, he has become one of the best critics and most delightful country essayists we possess.

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY.

SPECIAL SPRING LIST.

List of Forthcoming Books—March 1 to April 1.

Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

Anon. (Author of "A Pixy in Petticoats").—Arminel of the West. 6s.
WARDLE, JANE.—The Artistic Temperament. 6s.
MORLEY, GEORGE.—A Bunch of Blue Ribbons. 6s.
BOWEN, MARJORIE (Author of The Viper of Milan).—Leopard and the Lily. 6s.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

BRODE, DR. HEINRICH.—Tippoo Tib. 10s. 6d. net.
ELIOT, SIR CHARLES, K.C.M.G.—Letters from the Far East. 8s. 6d. net.
MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT.—Memories of the Months. 7s. 6d.
LOCH, M. G.—Individual Ownership and the Growth of Modern Civilisation.
BELL, LADY.—At the Works. 6s.

Messrs. Blackwood and Sons.

POLLOK, ALLAN, D.D., LL.D.—Studies in Practical Theology. 5s.
MAXWELL, GEORGE.—In Malay Forests. 6s. net.
FORSTER, E. M.—The Longest Journey. (Novel.) 6s.
DIVER, M.—Captain Desmond, V.C. 6s.
DAVIS, JESSIE AINSWORTH.—"When Half-Gods Go." 6s.
CLOUSTON, J. STORER.—Count Bunker. 6d.
CAREY, WYMOND.—No. 101 6d.
FOULIS, HUGH (Neil Munro).—Erchie. 6d.
LOCKHART, LAURENCE.—Doubles and Quits. 6d.
ELIOT, GEORGE.—Silas Marner. (New Popular Edition of George Eliot's Works.) With Photogravure Frontispiece by Max Cowper. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.

KEARTON, R., F.Z.S.—British Birds' Nests. New and Enlarged Edition. 21s. net.
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THE READER.

EDINBURGH IN LITERATURE.

By J. H. Millar.

EDINBURGH has never been a large town, as European capitals go; and even to-day, when the steam-whistle of the factory is much more likely to be heard in its streets than the once familiar cry of "Caller Ou'," it has no pretensions to rank, either in area or population, as the *n*'th city of the Empire. Yet few places possess so many associations with literature in proportion to their size, and it is the purpose of the present paper to awake some of these slumbering memories.

They are comprehended in the space of some three or four centuries, for Edinburgh as a literary centre—as a source of light and leading—cannot reach back to the dark ages. The authors of the old ballads, if they had any "authors," and if they are really old, seldom, we may be sure, visited the abode of duly constituted authority. Secure in the fastnesses of the Border, they lived their own lives, waging their deathless feuds, and lifting their neighbours' cattle. Whether in the midst of these engrossing and congenial occupations they found time to celebrate the exploits of their heroes, is a question which some men will answer in one way and others in another. If they did, they were unable to surpass, and very rarely equalled, the fire and spirit of the verses which the last and greatest of the minstrels coolly interpolated, *teste* Colonel Fitzwilliam Elliot, in their remains. Nor are we at liberty to surmise that the authors of the alliterative poems in the Northern English dialect, which form so conspicuous and honourable a feature of our earlier literature, had any special connection with the Scots capital. Let us by all means attribute these compositions, if we are so minded, to the "facund ingyne" of Sir Hugh of Eglintoun; but let us at the same time admit that, save when engaged in diplomatic work, he must needs have followed the "Awle royal," or "aula regis," and in all probability saw at least as much of Dunfermline Abbey as of the Castle rock.

It is not until the reign of James IV. that we come upon a distinctly literary group, clustering round that "splendid monarch," who so dearly loved the banquet and the song. A worthier and more accomplished patron of letters never sat upon a throne, nor did his literary tastes prevent him from taking a deep interest in the most fascinating of all the sciences, to wit, alchemy. His curiosity was insatiable, and his attainments were astonishing. He was well read in history, both sacred and profane. In addition to the Gaelic, he was master of the French, German, Flemish, Italian, and Spanish tongues, and his Latin was particularly good. Such is the oft-cited testimony of the Spanish ambassador, Pedro de Ayala, who draws a more flattering picture of Scotland at the opening of the sixteenth century than our other sources of information would warrant us in expecting. Of James's brilliant court Scott has presented us with a no less brilliant sketch, familiar, let us hope, to everybody. He takes a few harmless liberties, to be sure, *more suo*. Sir David Lyndsay is made Lyon-King-at-arms some fourteen years before he attained that dignity. Gawin Douglas is created a Bishop out of due season. That arch-traitor, his father, is depicted as loyal and "true," the very last qualities to which the Douglases could pretend. But it must have occurred to many as surprising that, in his memorable picture of the court at Holyrood, Sir Walter, who missed so few opportunities, should have omitted to bring before our eyes the greatest of all the "makars," William Dunbar.

Dunbar's versatility was not the least wonderful of his numerous gifts. He had something for every occasion and for every mood. His devotional pieces, though elaborate and artificial, are singularly fine. His reflections upon life, when he is in the meditative vein, may be a little trite—the ultimate certainty of death was not even then a very novel theme—but they rarely fail to be impressive. His quasi-dramatic performances, like the "Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedy," or the "Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo," are as happy in the way of character studies as is the "Freiris of Berwik" in the region of animated narrative. He could be light-hearted, high-spirited, and gallant with complete success at one moment, and doleful, sardonic, or scurrilous with equal mastery the next. He probably made little appeal to the popular fancy, though he had his share in the famous Chepman and Myllar volume of 1508. After his death his fame appears to have sunk into oblivion, so far as the general public was concerned, until his resuscitation by Allan Ramsay. But we may take it that his muse proved thoroughly acceptable at court. Pensions were showered upon him, though no substantial piece of preferment came his way. Perhaps he never sought any. His complaints about the superior good fortune in their common profession of

The Scott Monument, Edinburgh.
Photo John Patrick, Edinburgh.

mere rustics—uplands Michael, or Jock that was wont to keip the stirks—are part of the medieval poet's stock in trade. Yet it is tempting to assimilate him in such moods to the people who (as Mr. Jowett put it) are in the habit of remarking that the race is not to the swift, "meaning themselves." In the literary struggle he was unrivalled. He handles the most complicated measures with marvellous dexterity and ease. But no amount of technical proficiency can recommend the "Flytings" to the average modern reader, and the unquestionable popularity of that peculiar *genre* with the literary class is a fact which later generations find it difficult to comprehend. There is too much of it; and the most which a latter-day digestion can stand in the way of a "slanging match" is a brisk set-to every now and then in the columns of the *Times* about some entirely trivial matter, such, for example, as the constituents of Harris tweed. It was in Edinburgh that Dunbar, an East Lothian man by birth, spent the years of his maturity, and the glimpses and whiffs of the capital which he vouchsafes us entirely support its traditional reputation. The "stink of haddocks and of skates" was probably the least offensive aroma that haunted its streets and closes for many a day prior to the era of modern Public Health legislation.

Sir David Lyndsay long survived the disaster of Flodden, and it was late in the reign of James V. that his very remarkable "Satire of the Three Estates" caught hold of the public imagination, and helped to pave the way for the reform of religion. When the movement for a Reformation was once set fairly a-going, literature behoved to give way for many years to matters of weightier import. There were still poets, it is true, of no mean order, like Maitland, or Scott, or Montgomerie. But they had no common rallying point, such as their predecessors had had in the King's court, and they counted for less in the national life. The pulpit superseded the lyre for the time being, though it derived much assistance from the rude and vigorous folk-songs, of which "The Paip, that Pagan full of pride" is a typical specimen. The figure of one literary man does indeed thrust itself into the picture which each of us instinctively designs for himself of the age of Mary Stuart. It is impossible to forget George Buchanan reading Livy with his young and beautiful pupil, though some of us would fain forget, if we could, the companion portrait of the great humanist, a few years later, paying court to her English cousin, and penning absurd calumnies about his Queen to the dictation of her bitterest enemies.

The Union of the Crowns effectually completed that eclipse of Edinburgh as a literary centre, for which the Reformation had given the signal. All the poets of promise or merit gave up the tradition of the makars and aspired to write English, while the prose writers, with the exception of the immortal Urquhart, found themselves immersed in endless political or religious controversies. The people had their broadsides and their psalms, and their skill in music was notable, until the baleful influence of the English Presbyterians or the Sectaries (I know not which) introduced the "reading of the line," and ruined the psalmody of the Kirk for generations. But, although in the Presbyterian and Episcopalian faction alike were to be found men whose learning was as profound as their piety was disinterested and their zeal pure, there never collected in Edinburgh a society of educated persons who made letters partly their pursuit and partly their recreation. Edinburgh during the reign of the "Saints" and the subsequent Usurpation must have been a sufficiently dismal and squalid place to live in, and the Restoration did little to mend matters. It was not until the zenith of Sir George Mackenzie that better days began to dawn. Scotland can boast of few more accomplished and humane sons, though to the popular eye the lineaments of the founder of the Advocates' Library and the vindicator of the rights of the bar are obscured by the mask of the merciless public prosecutor.

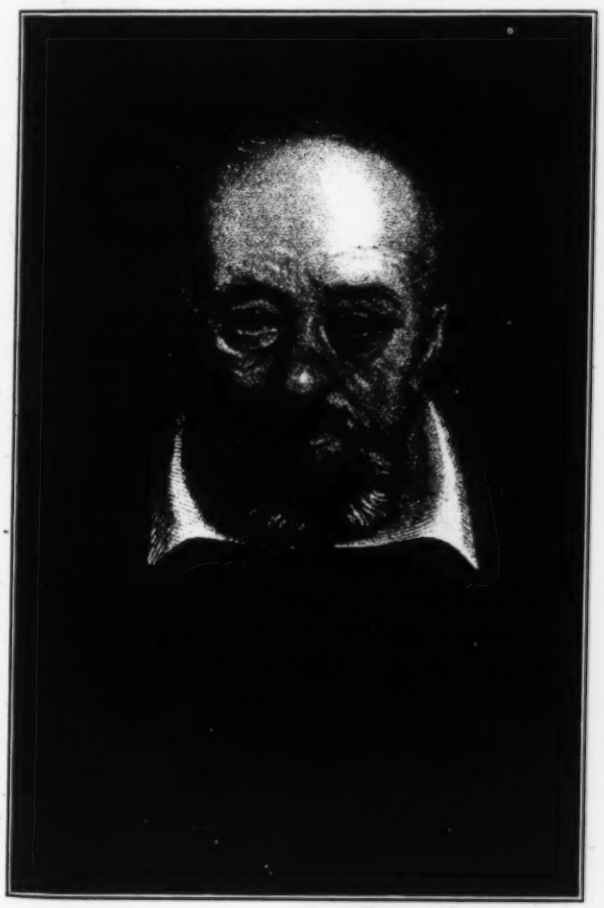
The Parliamentary Union brought political rest and a chance of commercial prosperity to Scotland, even as the Revolution settlement had put an end to religious strife on a large scale. For that very reason it does not lend itself to sentimental eloquence, and its most appropriate commemoration in this year of grace will be found in the two hundredth anniversary of its accomplishment not being commemorated at all. Many of the nobility had hastened to follow the King in 1603, and many more followed the Parliament in 1707. What is one man's loss is another's opportunity, and the rise of the professional class to pre-eminence in Edinburgh was one of the leading social phenomena in the Scotland of the eighteenth century. That many of its members should acquire a local reputation by their literary exercises was to be expected. What is much more striking is the number of those who obtained renown, not only in England but throughout Europe, as well as the permanence of the fame which many of them enjoy. To mention David Hume and Adam Smith is, of course, to name two authors who in their own sphere need fear comparison with none; it is not the most competent historians who depreciate the work of Principal Robertson; even the lesser men, like Hugh Blair, Adam Fergusson, Dugald Stewart, and Henry Mackenzie, cannot be ignored by the serious student of English literature; while, finally, that brilliant and erratic meteor, James Boswell, may be said to have discovered for the first time what was practically a new species of writing.

The society formed by the congregation of such men in a small capital, diversified as it was by the inclusion of many lesser lights, and of one or two eccentrics like Kames and Monboddo to lend it an unexpected piquancy of flavour, must have been extraordinarily attractive. For it had none of the weaknesses that are too apt to cling to the coteries of the literary and their hangers-on. In this respect it must have been much superior to anything of the sort in London outside the circle which revolved round Dr. Johnson. There was sufficient identity of temperament and point of view to obviate the risk of acrimonious debate. All sincerely admired one another, but the community never degenerated into a mutual admiration society. Nor was it honeycombed with petty jealousies and dissensions. And the reason is not far to seek. Scarce one of the Edinburgh *literati*

John Wilson ("Christopher North").

From a painting by Alexander Runciman in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

Robert Fergusson.



George Buchanan.

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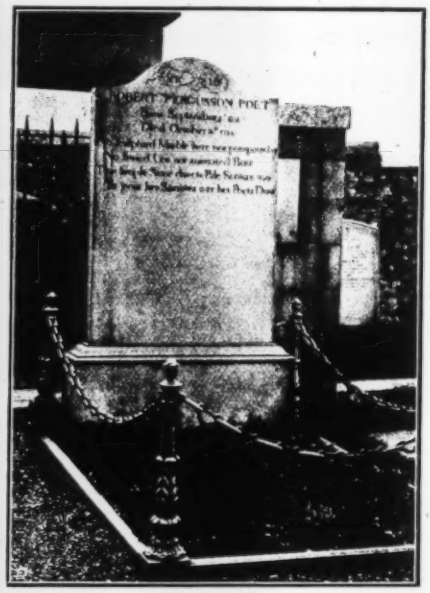
depended upon writing for his bread and butter, though his exertions as an author brought many a man an ample quantum of jam, as well as of celebrity. Hence another note of the literary Edinburgh of that day: the absence of the bookseller's hack. There were pamphleteers, and inditers of *post-mortem* elegies or libels; but apparently there were none of the sort of people whom Smollett has caricatured in "Humphry Clinker." If a man had to earn a subsistence by his pen, Edinburgh was not the market for his wares. If he could get into practice as an advocate, or become a placed minister or a professor, or find an engagement as tutor to some young nobleman, or even obtain custom as a wig-maker, then his efforts in the literary line of business might bring in a rich reward. But those to whom none of these courses were open wisely betook themselves to London, where the remuneration for hack-



Burns's Monument to Fergusson in Canongate Churchyard.

Photo John Patrick, Edinburgh.

work of a marketable kind was perhaps more liberal than it has ever been, either before or since. Vague recollections of Savage and Johnson—of cowheel and kennels and bulks—flit readily through the mind; but we forget the concrete and ascertained instances of fortunes made, if not retained, by the journey-work of letters which Smollett and Dr. John "Cawmell" supply.

When the Edinburgh men of letters, accordingly, gathered round the table in some tavern where the best of claret was to be had for a ridiculously small sum, they had not met to "talk shop," or to discuss trade affairs. They had no interest to quarrel, and their only concern was to pass an agreeable evening. They were not "traders in talent and learning," bringing samples of their goods into company, and jealous of competition. The metaphor is borrowed from the "Man of Feeling," who, born on the day on which the Young Pretender landed in Scotland, lived almost long enough to see the first Reform Bill become law. A certain writer's apprentice, young, dissipated, penniless, and consumptive, with an undeniable talent for verse on the model of Ramsay, took no part, it must be allowed, in these feasts of reason. All that the future had in store for him was an early grave in the Canongate Churchyard. But Mackenzie and his friends were not apt to be blind to rising genius. On the contrary, they were eager to extend to its possessor a helping hand, and it was not the men of letters by whom Burns was spoilt and led astray on his famous visit to Edinburgh. For these kind offices he had to thank masonic lodges, Crochallan Fencibles, and the like—institutions but little patronised by William Robertson and John Home. It is easy for us, on a first impression, to laugh at the modes of thought and speech which distinguished the men of their particular school; and it is equally easy to speak of them in a tone of condescending patronage, as who should say that they had not our advantages, and therefore could scarcely be expected to attain to *our* high standard of intelligence and culture. But the better course is to accept them as they are presented to us in the lively and almost Boswellian page of Alexander Carlyle, supplemented by the casual writings of Scott (more especially by his article in the *Quarterly* for June, 1827), and to give thanks for as honest and admirable a set of writers as ever ate a rizzar'd haddock or discussed a tappit hen.

Early in the new century the older race of giants disappeared, to be replaced by a breed hardly less remarkable. Manners changed, and we hear more of dinner-parties and less of taverns, for the crucial problem of the housing of the well-to-do had at last been solved by the building of the New Town. The extensive accommodation afforded by its fine dwelling-houses made it possible to entertain guests at one's own abode with comfort and propriety, and the Club, in its old-fashioned signification, ceased to be the principal means of enjoying the company of friends. Political feeling ran high, and society was divided into Whig and Tory camps. Sir Walter Scott was one of the few who contrived, or, indeed, desired, to remain upon a friendly footing with the faction opposed to his own. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the beneficial and refreshing effect which the work of the early "Edinburgh" Reviewers produced upon the criticism of their time, but their admirers developed the very fault of which Mackenzie had noted the absence in the social intercourse of the preceding generation. The "prize-fighting of wit" succeeded to the natural play of fancy and good humour. "Sharp word-catchings, ingenious thrusting and parrying of dialectics, and all the quips and quibblets of bar pleading," became common, according to Lockhart's account of the matter. Such were the conversational methods of "the smart praters of the Outer House, whose glimpses of the social habits of their superiors were likely to be rare, and their gall-bladders to be more distended than their purses:" a description in the author's best hidalgo vein. These men thought Sir Walter's discourse commonplace, and scrupled not to say so. It was one of them who drew from Cockburn his celebrated retort, to the effect that, in his opinion, Walter Scott's sense was a still more wonderful thing than his genius. Lockhart explicitly

disclaims, not without a show of disdain and indignation, the idea of "Boswellising"; but he has certainly succeeded in conveying an impression of his father-in-law's conversation so vivid as to make most people willing to barter a good year of their lives for one crowded hour of the Sheriff over his whiskey-and-water and cigar.

Lockhart was still a young man when he removed his household gods to London, and commenced spectator of the brilliant comedy of the great world. There he was joined ere a decade had passed by another writer, not much his junior, who had lived for a couple of years or so in Edinburgh towards the close of the 'twenties. But his obscure home had been at Comely Bank, the extreme west end of the village of Stockbridge, and he had found by experience that the calling of a journeyman of letters could not be profitably followed either from Edinburgh or from Dumfriesshire. Thomas Carlyle returned to the capital more than thirty years later as Lord Rector of its University, and we are privileged to behold him then at Mr. Masson's dinner-table, beating time to the tune, and chanting the chorus, of "Stuart Mill on mind and matter." For long after Scott's death there continued to be much pleasant literary society in Edinburgh, a good deal of it circulating through "The Old Saloon" in George Street. Aytoun well sustained the tradition of high spirits founded by his father-in-law, John Wilson, but judiciously trimmed it of manifest exuberances. George Moir, too, was a critic of refined taste and wide reading, of whom the present generation has probably never heard. And there were members of all the learned professions, who were sensible enough not to publish, but whom to meet was a liberal education. Funnily enough, two eminent literary men, endowed with intellectual and social gifts much above the average, who came down from London to labour in their vocation, failed altogether to adapt themselves to their new surroundings. Both James Payn and James Hannay hated Edinburgh, and the latter took his revenge afterwards by lampooning some of the personages with whom his duties on the *Courant* had brought him into contact. The last link with the age of the Titans was severed by the death of Lord Neaves in 1876, and John Blackwood outlived him by less than three years.

And here it is obviously expedient that these notes should cease, for to bring them "down to date" would be alike impertinent and impossible. One glaring omission may, of course, be pointed out. Nothing has hitherto been said of Mr. Stevenson, who was a loyal son of his native city, and paid frequent tribute to her unique fascination in his curious and exquisite prose. But the plain truth is that on that popular topic nothing remains to be said. About Stevenson and the University, about Stevenson and the Speculative Society, about Stevenson and his black shirt, the world has heard as much as it is good for it to hear, through R. L. S. himself and a hundred other channels of information; so that the American tourist, who flocks in his thousands every summer to rush round the Parliament House—sallow of skin, and clad in ill-cut, dust-proof garments, "mystic, wonderful"—is much better "posted" about the career of the Exile of Samoa in its minutest details than are such of his own contemporaries as happen to survive. What niche he would have "shaken down into," had health enabled and inclination moved him to remain in Edinburgh, it is impossible to conjecture. Let us nourish the pious hope that he would at all events have repelled the advances of those importunate worshippers who think to conceal the results of a neglected or imperfect education by the clumsy affectation of a warm interest in literature.

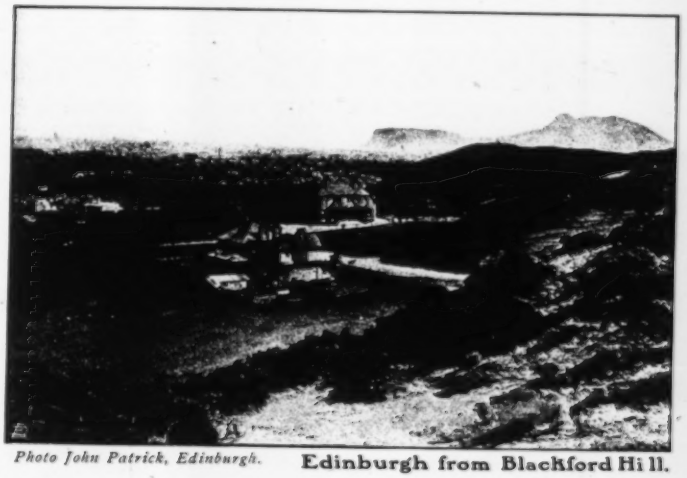


Photo John Patrick, Edinburgh. **Edinburgh from Blackford Hill.**

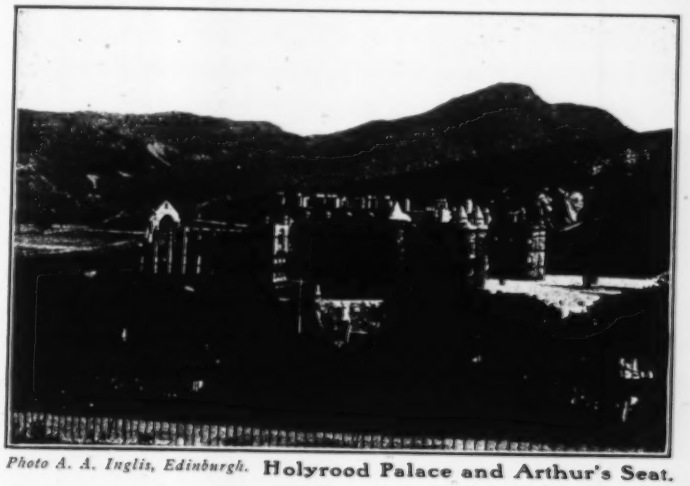
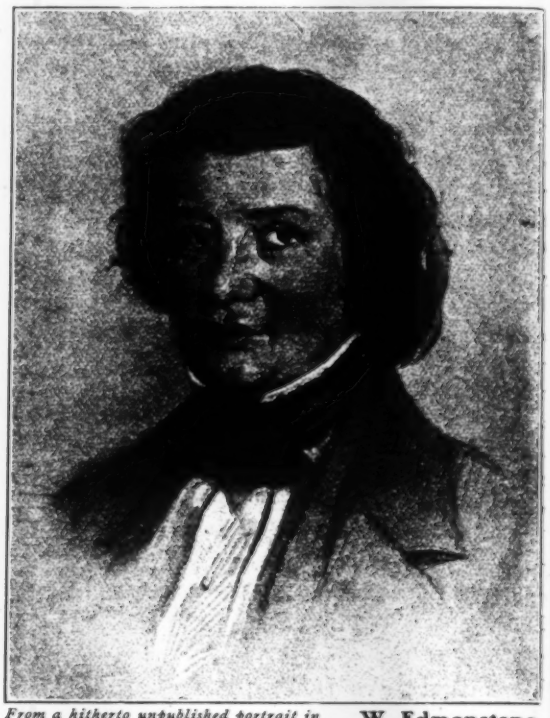


Photo A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh. **Holyrood Palace and Arthur's Seat.**

From a miniature. **William Drummond.**



From a hitherto unpublished portrait in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. **W. Edmonstone Aytoun.**

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the two most suitable quotations, in prose or in verse, to be sent with a birthday gift (*a*) from a man to his promised wife, (*b*) from a girl to her father.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best answer to the question: What womanly quality is the favourite one with English poets? Illustrate by six short quotations.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Miss GERTRUDE MELLOR, 29, Charles Street, Gainsborough.

THE JOY OF HELL. By EVE LYNN.

"Too hot, too hot!"
—*Winter's Tale*, 1, 2, 108.

The following are some of the best quotations submitted:—

MATERIALS FOR BAD DREAMS.

"By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper."
—2 *Hen. IV.*, V., 3, 14.

(H. ALDWINCKLE, 22, Stretton Road, Leicester.)

THE GIRL AND HER FORTUNE. By L. T. MEADE.

"Oh, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!"
—*Merry Wives*, III., 4, 32.

(E. F. NEWTON, King's Lynn.)

LIFE AND LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN.

"Received and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Hearn."
—*Merry Wives*, IV., 4, 37.

(ERNEST CULLARD, Balham, S.W.)

THE JOY OF HELL. By EVE LYNN.

"Well, we leave that to the proof."
—1 *Hen. IV.*, 2, 2, 72.

(AMELIA BATE, Folkestone.)

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the three best quotations on Sleep from English poetry has been gained by Miss EDITH ALLEN, 312, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

Come Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low; . . .
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head. . . .
—Sir Philip Sidney, "Sonnet on Sleep."

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers—easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,

Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, Oh gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!
—John Fletcher, "Invocation to Sleep."

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;
Then save me or the passed day will shine,
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed casket of my soul.
—Keats, "Sonnet to Sleep."

The answers to this competition were gratifying, and not a little alarming in their number, Valentine's Day having brought the editor close on three hundred letters. The quotations submitted were of a very high standard, and had our space permitted it, we could have extended greatly the following order of merit:—Mrs. CALVERT, 264, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester; Mrs. M. M. SNOW, St. Swithin's, West Dulwich; BASIL V. BRUTON, Bewick House, Gloucester; Miss M. M. FRANKLIN, 2, The Quadrant, Richmond, Surrey.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best list of eight friendships in English fiction has been gained by Mrs. BORTON, Landor House, St. Cross, Winchester.

1. BETWEEN TWO MEN.

John Halifax and Phineas Fletcher.—"John Halifax, Gentleman."
Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford.—Scott, "Redgauntlet."

2. BETWEEN TWO WOMEN.

Hester Gresley and Rachael.—Miss Cholmondeley, "Red Pottage."
Diana and Emma.—George Meredith, "Diana of the Crossways."

3. BETWEEN TWO MEN AND TWO WOMEN.

David Grieve and Dora Lomax.—Mrs. Humphrey Ward, "David Grieve."
Stephen Blackpool and Rachael.—Dickens, "Hard Times."

4. BETWEEN TWO CHILDREN.

Jane Eyre and Helen Burns.—C. Brontë, "Jane Eyre."
Margaret Vandaleur and Eleanor Arkwright.—Mrs. Ewing, "Six to Sixteen."

The lists submitted by the following contributors were next in order of merit:—Miss M. L. BROWN, Dunblane; S. H. TAYLOR, Longstone, Birmingham; Miss A. D. BATE, Folkestone; Miss ELSIE VARLEY, Edgbaston; Miss E. R. MITCHELL, Bedford; Miss HELEN G. HIRST, Ruswarp, Whitby; Miss EDITHA TAYLOR, Bolton; Miss HARRIET C. MARTIN, Lochwinnoch; Mrs. E. GODFREE, Walton-on-Thames.

Susan Edmonstone Ferrier.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

IV.—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestions has been awarded to Mr. A. MILLER, 86, Queen's Road, Hyde Park, Leeds, and to "A. A. A.," who is requested to send full name and address.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"Fresh with all airs of woodland brooks
And scent of showers,
Take to your haunt of holy books
This saint of flowers."
E. W. GOSSE.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE authentic facts regarding Herrick's life can be recorded in one small page. By his works we can in some measure know him, but in attempting to deduce biography from his golden numbers it is well to remember Waller's apology that poets succeed better with fiction than with truth. But the few facts that are known are full of interest and significance, and correspond closely with, if they do not explain, the seeming paradoxes that his poetical achievement reveals.

The name of Herrick (it does now seem "fantastical" of Lamb to have omitted it from a list of names that carry "perfume with the mention") has become synonymous with the sweetness of an English garden. Poets before and since have sung of roses and lilies and cherries, but beside Herrick's matchless workmanship, their flowers and fruit seem for the most part but skilful modelling in wax. Herrick's flowers are perennially fresh and fragrant; his cherries are perennially cool and ripe and luscious. And the owner and laureate of this garden of enchantment was a Londoner born and bred, one of Rare Ben's adopted "sons," who, when fortune placed him in a Devonshire vicarage, bewailed his banishment among "currish" natives in "loathèd country life." That is paradox number one—only a seeming paradox to those acquainted, however slightly, with literary history. Lamb's insularity and passion for London is really an exception to the rule, and no literary historian could have been surprised if Lamb's evening labours had been devoted to pioneering Neo-Celtic poetry rather than to re-discovering Elizabethan

dramatists. It is a curious sidelight on the doctrine of literary "evolution" that one of the sweetest singers of the so-called "New Irish" nest was a Cockney poetess who never set foot in Ireland. And so the idea prevails that Herrick was in the true sense a "country man"—a lyrical Gilbert White. As a matter of fact he was a "City man." He had tasted the joys of life in London, and he yearned after them always.

This poet of one book, which exhales the joy and freshness of youth and springtime, lived to the great age of eighty-three. The son of a City goldsmith, Herrick was born in 1591, when Shakespeare's dramatic career was only beginning, and he lived till 1674, the year of Milton's death. His long life thus coincides with the rise and flourishing of the English lyric from Campion and Greene to Sedley and Rochester.

At no point of Herrick's life is the veil of obscurity entirely lifted. It is assumed that he was educated at Westminster, and it is known that at an unusually late age (after a probable apprenticeship with his uncle and guardian, who was also a goldsmith in London) the poet went to St. John's College, Cambridge, and later to Trinity Hall, where he obtained his master's degree at the mature age of twenty-nine. To this period belong the only real biographical documents extant—a series of fourteen letters addressed to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, on the familiar subject of overdue allowances. During the next few years he is supposed to have lived in London and been admitted to the joyous company at the Mermaid Tavern; but in 1627 or 1629 he took orders, and in the latter year was appointed to the living of Dean Prior, close to Dartmoor. Here he lived undisturbed for nearly twenty years, a keen observer of rural sports and customs, which he has reported so brilliantly in many a lyric. But his poems reflect a petulant dissatisfaction with his surroundings as well as a love of nature, and it is more probable that this is the explanation of the extraordinarily scurrilous epigrams which disfigure his book than that he deliberately attempted to show his flowers to finer advantage by tying them up in one bundle with the most loathsome weeds.

In 1648 was published the Hesperides and Noble Numbers, and in the same year the poet felt the storm of the Rebellion and was deprived of his living. Of the next fourteen years of his life in London nothing is known, but in 1662 he was restored to his living, and continued in it till his death in 1674. The meagreness of his life's record is not filled in by any contemporary allusion. His poems seem to have brought him little or no renown, and it was not till nearly the close of the eighteenth century that he was rediscovered. Since then posterity has gone on making ample recompense, and his place is long ago established in the first rank of English lyrical poets.

The poems of Herrick have not escaped sharp criticism. They have been accused of insincerity of matter and laboured artificiality of manner. But it is at least doubtful logic to infer a total want of passion and sincerity from the mere number of Herrick's poetical loves. His philosophy of life is summed up in his own immortal lines—

> "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
> Old Time is still a-flying:
> And this same flower that smiles to-day
> To-morrow will be dying."

He had a passionate zest for life, and whatever was his theme, love or flowers or scenery or wine or country sports, Herrick writes of it with the same ardour and full-bodied enjoyment. If Herrick was incapable of real passion, as some think, no poet has counterfeited it better than he who wrote:—

> "Bid me to live, and I will live
> Thy Protestant to be;
> Or bid me love, and I will give
> A loving heart to thee.
>
> A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
> A heart as sound and free
> As in the whole world thou canst find,
> That heart I'll give to thee.
>
> Bid me to weep, and I will weep
> While I have eyes to see:
> And, having none, yet I will keep
> A heart to weep for thee.
>
> Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
> The very eyes of me:
> And hast command of every part
> To live and die for thee:"

or,

> "I dare not ask a kiss,
> I dare not beg a smile,
> Lest having that, or this,
> I might grow proud the while.
>
> No, no, the utmost share
> Of my desire shall be
> Only to kiss that air
> That lately kissèd thee."

To call Herrick's style artificial is at most a half truth. It is his supreme distinction that he combines the artificial and the natural as scarcely any other English poet has done in equal measure. He is full of classical allusion, his verses are studded with conceits, he has obvious tricks of vocabulary and phrase, and yet, at the same time, his verses, even like Fielding's prose, are permeated with the very breath of spring. Everything that is artificial and meretricious in the best of his verse is purified and sweetened by this wholesome Devon air. Hazlitt likened him to a lapidary, but Herrick was assuredly more than this. The workshop or the laboratory is not the happiest symbol for the birthplace of Herrick's "Noble Numbers." We would rather liken it to a still-room, where the poet was busy with the most beautiful of English fruit and flowers, and succeeded in wresting from them incomparable and imperishable essences and perfumes.

Herrick is artificial in the sense that he fell short of the genuine Elizabethan sweetness and simplicity. He could not have written the lovely anonymous lines,

> "There is a Lady sweet and kind,
> Was never face so pleased my mind;
> I did but see her passing by,
> And yet I love her till I die."
>
> Her gestures, motions and her smiles,
> Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles.
> Beguiles my heart I know not why,
> And yet I love her till I die.
>
> Cupid is winged and doth range,
> Her country so my love doth change,
> But change she earth or change she sky,
> Yet will I love her till I die."

That was beyond him; nor could he equal the fervour of Lovelace's

> "Yet this inconstancy is such
> As thou too shall adore;
> I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
> Loved I not Honour more."

Herrick's poems harmonise curiously with his life. He has the Elizabethan sweetness and the Jacobean conceit. He is half Campion and half Donne, but the resultant is a thing unique in English literature. His influence has been enormous, and has mostly been for good. It can be seen even so late as in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses." but Herrick's immortality is written on a more enduring medium than marble or brass. His name is associated with the sweetest of English flowers, and every spring must see a renascence of his honour and his praise.

J. H. LOBBAN.

Some text-books recommended:—

Herrick's Poems. Introduction by Mrs. Meynell. 1s. 6d. (Blackie.)

Poems. Introduction by Canon Beeching. 2s. 6d. (Jack.)

Poems. 2 vols. 3s. net. (Dent.)

Photo John Patrick, Edinburgh.

Queensferry.

Photo John Patrick, Edinburgh.

An early home of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Swanston Cottage.

Photo A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.

Hawthornden—Ben Jonson's Tree.

Photo John Patrick, Edinburgh.

Craigcrook Castle, Lord Jeffrey's House.

Professor Blackie.
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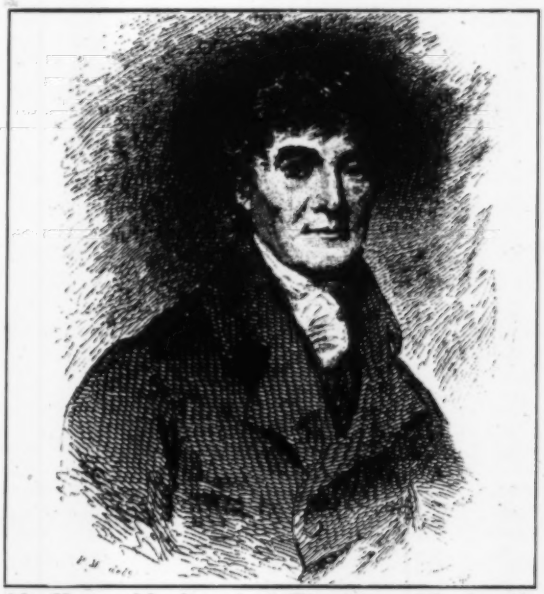
John Hill Burton.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

The "Old Saloon" at Messrs. Blackwood's, 45, George Street, Edinburgh.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

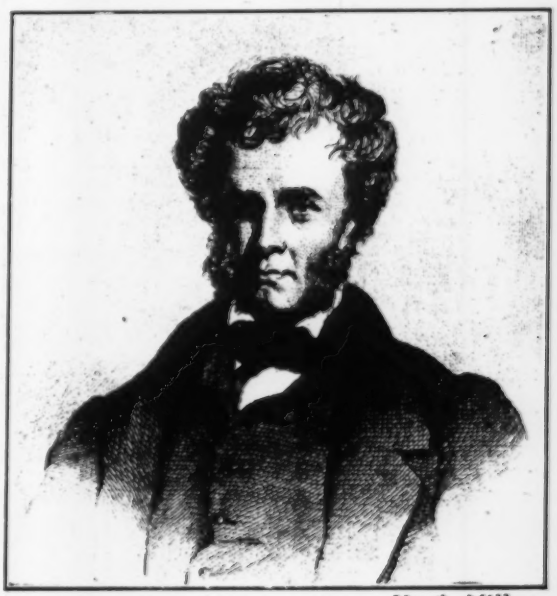
Lord Jeffrey.

From a painting by Sir John Watson Gordon.

James Hogg,
The Ettrick Shepherd.

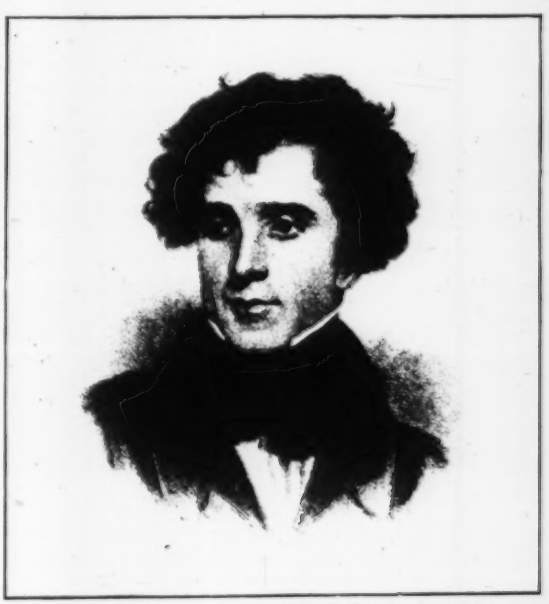


Mr. Henry Mackenzie ("The Man of Feeling").



Hugh Miller.

Mr. John Blackwood.



John Gibson Lockhart.

(We are indebted to Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons for the reproductions of Jeffrey, Hogg, Mackenzie, Miller, and John Blackwood.)

New Books.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.*

The West knew nothing of the "Thousand and One Nights" until the year 1704, when Antoine Galland published the first volume of his French translation. The twelfth and last appeared in 1717, two years after his death. The issue of an English translation began in 1713—that is, before the completion of Galland's version. This is one proof of the early popularity of a book which is now to be found in every language of Europe, and which has taken a permanent place in the world's classics. To the contemporaries of Addison it gave a glimpse into realms then almost unknown; and, in addition to its charm as a collection of tales of the wild and wonderful, of the humorous and the satirical, of stories of love and adventure and cruelty and magnanimity and sensuality, it enabled the West to understand the thoughts and ways of the unchanging East.

The earliest English translation was far from satisfactory, and as the study of Arabic literature progressed it became known that whilst Galland had used great freedom in the treatment of his Arabic original, his selection was far from exhausting the available materials. Yet two of the stories, "Aladdin" and "Ali Baba," were for some time suspected to be interpolations of his own creation. The good faith of Galland has, however, been fully demonstrated, and the excellence of his taste is shown in the fact that none of the additional matter brought forward by later scholars is of greater intrinsic value or possesses a higher representative quality than the stories with which he delighted the literary palate of the eighteenth century at a time when the old tales of chivalry were dead, when readers were sick of sham classical romances of interminable length and portentous unreality, and when the modern novel was as yet unborn. Indeed, the "Arabian Nights," with its stories of fishermen and cobblers and scolding wives, may perhaps have had some share in encouraging the novelists when they did come to deal with homely scenes and common life. The first volume of "Robinson Crusoe" was only two years later than the last volume of Galland's "Mille et Une Nuits." There are now several scholarly English versions. Those of Sir Richard Burton and Mr. John Payne aim at reproducing the whole of the conglomerate material of the Arabic text—and as the framework is one that admits of additions with the greatest ease, much extraneous matter has been introduced—and to give not only that which has literary charm and value, but also that which, however characteristic it may be of its time and place of origin, is merely obscene or indelicate. Whatever may be conceded to the claims or needs of scholarship for unexpurgated classics, there can be no question that the indiscriminate circulation of such translations is as impossible as it is undesirable. Nor can it be said that the later translators have entirely succeeded in giving all for which a place can be claimed in the "Arabian Nights." Dr. C. F. Seybold in 1902 published the history of Sul and Schmul from a Tubingen MS. of the fourteenth century. This clearly belongs to the "Nights" cycle, and is a wonderful tale of love and magic, with two shorter stories—both notable and of good quality—intercalated. Mr. Edward William Lane was a man steeped in the knowledge of the East, which he knew from life as well as from literature. He knew also what to omit, and produced the best English version for the general reader. Whilst not too squeamish, he omits some tales and passages which in the "complete" translations appeal to the taste for obscenity at least as much as to the love of literature. The three goodly volumes in which Lane's version first appeared, with William Harvey's wonderful illustrations, are a mine of Oriental learning. Into the notes he poured the riches of knowledge of Arabic life and literature. The edition now added to "Bohn's Standard Library" differs in some important particulars from Lane's first edition. There are no illustrations, and those familiar with Harvey's pictures will certainly regret the absence of these graceful creations. The notes have also been omitted or curtailed. The spelling of the Oriental names has been modified in accordance with the usage of modern scholarship. The "review" in which Lane discussed the literary history of the "Arabian Nights" has been both curtailed and supplemented by the editor. There is a misprint in this section (Vol. IV., p. 304), where for "eighth" the word "English" has been substituted, to the destruction of the true sense.

The result of Dr. Stanley Lane-Poole's labours is entirely satisfactory when we regard the "Thousand and One Nights" as one of the best story-books the world has known. Whilst there is nothing but praise for Lane, for Dr. Lane-Poole and Messrs. Bell for these four well-printed and comely octavos, it may be added that there is, notwithstanding, room for another edition of the "Arabian Nights" on somewhat different lines. The book has great importance as a document in the history of fiction and of comparative literature. For this purpose an edition as complete as decorum will allow is desirable. The unabridged Burton is said to be worth £30 in the second-hand book market, the American reprint £18, the Smithers edition £5, and Mr. Payne's £13. Let these be contrasted with the German edition issued by Philipp Reclam, of Leipzig, in his excellent "Universal-Bibliothek," extending to twenty-four parts, at 40 pfennigs each, but obtainable in eight bound volumes for 12s. This is the version of Max Henning, who has given all that was really presentable to a general public that is to be found in the costliest of the English versions. Much has been done, but still more remains to be done for the study of the originals and analogues of the tales told by the courageous sultaness to her bloodthirsty husband. That Dr. Krohn has collected ninety-four variants of the story of the Fisherman and the Jinni is an evidence of the wide field of research open to investigators. The anecdote of the "Lion's track" finds a parallel in the account of "Aphikia, the wife of Jesus ben Sirach," which Mrs. M. D. Gibson has translated from the Syriac. The leading incident in the story of Kamar-es Samans is identical with one in Plautus and also in a Hindu drama by Raja-çekhara, of which the *editio princeps* was printed by Prof. C. R. Lanman, of Harvard, so recently as 1901. English folk-tales such as the Pedlar of Swaffham are enshrined in these Oriental pages. The gipsy tale of the Two Brothers, known from Scandinavia to India, is to be found there. The legend current in Lancashire of an ancestress of the Earl of Crawford is told in the "Nights" of Umeime, the wife of El-Mutalammis. In the Book of Tobit we are told that Ahikar returned into light, but Nabad went into eternal darkness. This allusion can at once be understood by those who have read in the "Nights" the adventures of Haïquar the Wise. In this connection it should be mentioned that Prof. Victor Chauvin's "Bibliographie Arabe" is a perfect storehouse of information about the literary history of the "Thousand and One Nights," and the analogues of the tales of which it is composed. It is in this direction we must look for the scientific value of the "Arabian Nights" with its reminiscences from India, Persia, Egypt, and perhaps even from Europe; but doubtless for most readers the interest is in the tales themselves, their illustrations of human nature, their fantastic imaginings, and the power with which they recall the gorgeous scenes and picturesque glamour of

> ". . . the golden prime
> Of good Haroun al-Raschid."

And if the historian does not always corroborate the testimony of his brother the story-teller concerning that old-time despot, it is only another example of the difficulty of uniting *Wahrheit und Dichtung*—Truth and Poetry.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

* "The Thousand and One Nights: The Arabian Nights Entertainments." Translated by Edward William Lane. Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole, M.A., Litt.D. 8vo. 4 vols. (George Bell and Sons.)

PROFESSOR MURRAY'S MEDEA.*

The Medea of Euripides is almost beyond criticism. The critic should be calm and clear-eyed, but it is hard to read this great tragedy without passion and without tears. Awe and pity and wonder leave no place for petty cavillings. Some

* "The Medea of Euripides." Translated by Gilbert Murray. 2s. net. pp. 96. (George Allen.)

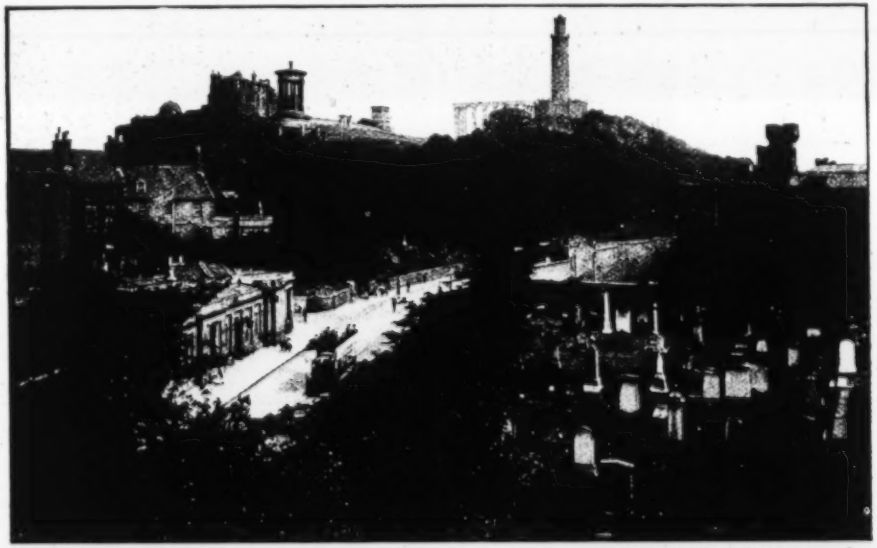
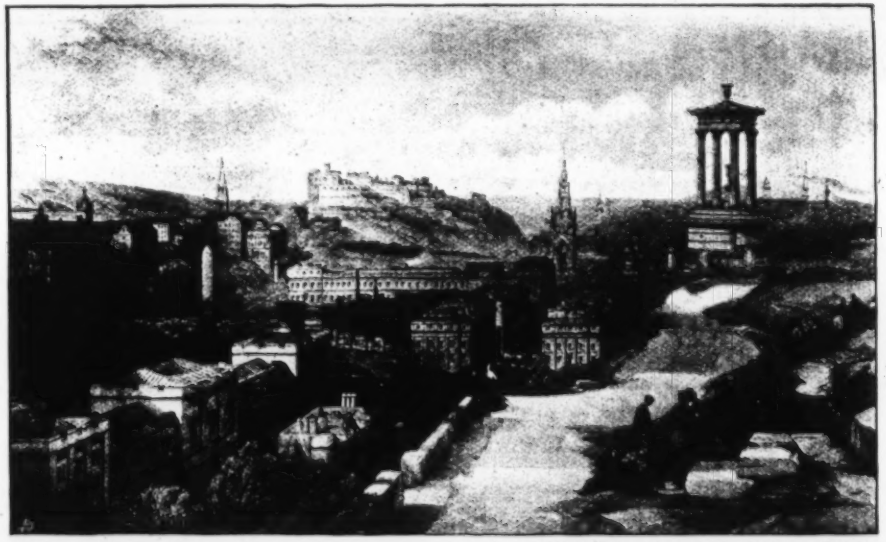


Photo A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.

Calton Hill, Edinburgh.



From an old engraving.

Edinburgh from Calton Hill.

From an engraving.

Edinburgh, Old Town.

From a painting.

The Old Tolbooth (Heart of Midlothian).

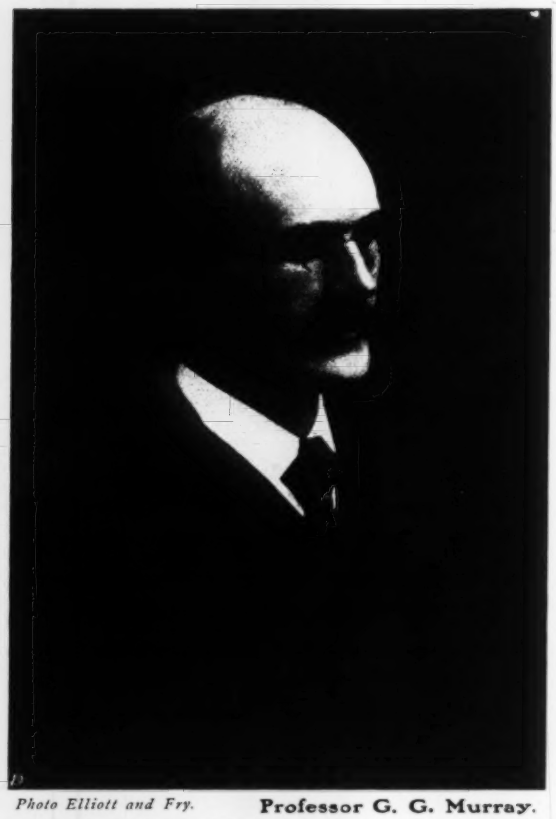


Photo Elliott and Fry. **Professor G. G. Murray.**
Author of "The Medea of Euripides, translated into English verse."

painful scholar may find a particular scene irrelevant, or inform us that Aristotle thought it "inconsistent with the part" for Medea to break into tears at a particular point. But we do not care what scholars or even Aristotle have to say about the matter. From the moment we hear how, since Medea first knew that Jason was false,

> "her eyes
> Are lifted not, and all her visage lies
> In the dust. If friends will speak, she hears no more
> Than some dead rock or wave that beats the shore:
> Only the white throat in a sudden shame
> May writhe, and all alone she moans the name
> Of father, and land, and home, forsook that day
> For this man's sake who casteth her away"—

we have done with scholars, and learning, and commentaries. A great poet holds us in his grasp. As Medea's wails and curses ring out from within the palace, a strange horror seizes us. We wait, almost shuddering, for the wild, maddened form to burst upon the stage. And then at last she comes, this "daughter of the Sun," this royal enchantress from the East, this woman whose eyes are like the eyes "of a lioness with her whelps," whose love and whose hate are as a consuming fire, and who has suffered the last and most inexpiable of wrongs. But if any one would understand what dramatic power is, let him ponder Medea's opening words. In low, quiet tones she prays the pardon of her hearers, the chorus of Corinthian ladies, if in anything she has offended. She is a stranger and sore-stricken; as a woman she tells her tale to women, and pleads, not for their aid, but for their silence, "if haply she may discover some means whereby to win from her lord just vengeance for her wrongs." The speech grows in intensity as it proceeds, and the final words (*οὐκ ἐστιν ἄλλη φρὴν μαι-φονωτέρα*) point clearly to "the murderous purpose of her heart," but throughout the restraint is marvellous, and the very calm appals. A poorer artist would have given us sound and fury, but Euripides was not called "the most tragic of the poets" for nothing. Medea's self-control is more ominous than any outburst, and when, in the next scene, she flings herself at Creon's feet and humbly prays the man who has banished her and her children for one brief day's respite, each soft persuasive word is like a deadly caress. And then the pent-up rage breaks forth. "Fool, oh, triple fool," she cries after Creon,

> "It lay
> So plain for him to kill my whole essay
> By exile swift: and, lo, he sets me free
> This one long day: wherein my haters three
> Shall lie there dead, the father and the bride
> And husband mine—not hers!"

There follows the first scene with Jason himself, in which "her words," as a great critic puts it, "are winged snakes and the breath of furnaces." The force of passion seems to have reached its height. But it has to rise higher yet. The wife who would be avenged must forget that she is a mother. Only by her children's hands can the poisoned robes she has made ready for the new bride be surely carried to her, and Medea knows that, when that task is done, their doom is sealed. Thereafter, to save them from worse, she must slay them with her own hands. But she steels her heart, and sends them. The scene in which she so cajoles Jason that he himself conducts the boys with those royal gifts,

> "Fine robings and a carcanet of gold,"

to their new step-mother, is too well known for praise, and, when in the middle of it, even Medea breaks down, we share her tears, though critics say they are out of place, just as we do when, at the last, gathering her children in her arms, she cries aloud in agony:—

> "Oh, darling hand! Oh, darling mouth, and eye,
> And royal mien, and bright brave faces clear,
> May you be blessed, but not here! What here
> Was yours, your father stole. . . . Ah, God! the glow
> Of cheek on cheek, the tender touch; and oh,
> Sweet scent of childhood. . . . Go! Go! . . .
> Am I blind? . . .
> Mine eyes can see not, when I look to find
> Their places. I am broken by the wings
> Of evil. . . . Yea, I know to what bad things
> I go, but louder than all thought doth cry
> Anger, which maketh man's worst misery."

The whole play, alike for creative power and artistic skill, ranks among the great masterpieces of the stage, and to translate it would call forth the highest powers, but as regards Prof. Murray's version it may, perhaps, fairly be said that it is good, but by no means very good. It is sometimes admirable, but it too frequently offends. Imagine, for instance, Medea cursing her children in the words:—

> "Have I not suffered? Doth it call
> No tears? . . . Ha, *ye beside the wall*,
> Unfathered children, God hate you
> As I am hated . . ."

where the hideous words in italics are pure invention of the translator's. Or think of the Nurse promising to seek to soothe her mistress thus:—

> "That will I: though what words of mine
> Or love shall move her? Let them lie
> With the old lost labours! . . . Yet her eye—
> Know ye the eyes of the wild kine,
> The lion flash that guards their brood?
> So looks she now . . ."

This may be sense, but it certainly suggests that if Medea is mad, the Nurse is demented, and elsewhere the rendering often seems feeble. Nor is this to be wondered at, for the translator tells us that he finds the play "painfully unsatisfying," and no one who holds that opinion can possibly translate the Medea. No man can worthily reproduce a masterpiece without being convinced that it is one, and, if he thinks it "unsatisfying," his own work can scarcely escape a similar verdict. T. E. PAGE.

DAMPIER'S VOYAGES.*

These two handsome and well printed volumes contain Captain William Dampier's account of his voyages round the world, to Campeachy and to New Holland, together with his "Supplement," the "Discourse on Winds" and the "Vindication." It was a happy idea to reprint these painstaking narratives, and no more sympathetic editor could be found for them than Mr. John Masefield, who is a sailor with an accurate knowledge of sea life and sea books, and the author of the most magical collection of sea stories that was ever written. Dampier was born in 1652, and belonged distinctly to the age of Reason. Open his books

* "Dampier's Voyages." By Captain William Dampier. Edited by John Masefield. 2 vols. 25s. net. (E. Grant Richards.)

and you are at once in a different world from that of the Master-gunner who saw seventy-seven unicorns and elephants in Prester John's park, so tame that he could play with them as with young lambs. When, in 1681, he and his company left the South Seas to cross the Isthmus for the Gulf of Mexico, he tells us that he foresaw the necessity of wading many streams, and so

"I took care (he says) before I left the ship to provide myself a large joint of Bambo, which I stopt at both ends, closing it with Wax, so as to keep out any Water. In this I preserved my Journal and other Writings from being wet, tho' I was often forced to swim."

So fervent was his devotion to the truth. There is, indeed, something modern about this thoughtful, curious privateer who never forget his note-book in the stormiest sea, in the hottest engagement with the Spaniard, in the most wearisome marches in the tropics; and hardly before Gilbert White was there another who so thoroughly realised that any man's honest observations simply recorded were invaluable. We conclude that he was a lean, testy but kindly, alternately passionate and tender man, rather solitary, who must have suffered more than he admits in his fairly successful attempt to control mutinous crews and take infinite notes at the same time. When he was with Captain Swan in 1686 he tells us that the provisions were running low and the men plotting to kill and eat the Captain.

"This made Captain Swan say to me after our arrival at Guam, *Ah! Dampier you would have made them but a poor Meal;* for I was as lean as the Captain was lusty and fleshy."

It is characteristic of him, too, after describing the "terrible noise" and "antick gestures" with which a great company of monkeys threatened him, to leave on record his pity of one wounded in the leg when he saw the creature "look and handle the wounded limb, and turn it about from side to side."

His knowledge of the Indians and other strange people, and his sympathy with them, are rare and beautiful to see, and he goes out of his way to say that "As for the common opinion of Anthropophagi, or Man-eaters, I did never meet with any such People: All Nations . . that I have seen or heard of, having some sort of food to live on . . ."; and again, "How Barbarous were the poor Florida Indians accounted, which now we find to be civil enough." There is something almost womanish in the passage where he tells how the friendly Mosquito Indians were made happy by the Christian names which the sailors gave them, and bewailed their namelessness if they were given none; and he has left a touching story of an Indian's three years alone on a desert island and his affectionate meeting with a fellow-countryman among his rescuers. He had an eye for everything; for the "very black cloud in the N.W. rising above the Horizon to about 10 or 12 degrees" before a storm; for the split bambo "about four fingers broad and five foot long" with which Tonquinese criminals were thrashed; for the Sultan of Bouton's silk turban laced with gold, his breeches of sky-coloured silk, and the red silk across his shoulders and hanging down; for all kinds of flowers and fruits; for birds, beasts, snakes, fish, insects, even to noticing how a mother seal will not give suck to any among the crowds of young ones except her own; for native boats; for everything concerning foreign people, their dress, their food, the shape of the women's noses and size of their feet, and the love of one of them for a "sky-coloured petticoat," their religion, their marriage customs, their houses, their amusements, their attitude towards strangers, and even their children; for such little things as the excellent flavour of hogs fed on cocoanuts so that "their flesh is as hard as brisket beef": and withal he is ready to confess his inadequate experience of certain nations, and to point out where his own case conflicts with current legends. It is this unbounded curiosity, coupled with his exquisite accuracy and picturesqueness in describing strange things for the first time, that have made his unique reputation among early travellers. Apart from his lack of training, he is the equal of the best modern travellers who go out simply to observe, and the East has even yet not been so carefully examined by trained men as to superannuate Captain Dampier. What is more, his writing has the great additional merit of giving us, along with so many impressions of visible things, a very pleasant sense of the man himself, wandering with difficulty and satisfaction among strange and beautiful lands. Of fighting there is not much that can give a thrill, except at the taking of Leon, where the Spaniards killed

"A stout old Grey-headed Man, aged about 84, who had served under Oliver in the time of the Irish Rebellion; after which he was at Jamaica, and had followed Privateering ever since. He would not accept of the offer our Men made him to tarry ashore; and when surrounded by the Spaniards, he refused to take Quarter, but discharged his Gun amongst them, keeping a Pistol still charged, so they shot him dead at a distance. His name was Swan; he was a very merry, hearty old Man."

But there is plenty of storm and hunger and thirst and death, and here and there a naïve touch of tragedy, as in the story of the murder of a half-bred Indian by his white half-brother in Antigua; and an odd piece of grimness, as when he describes himself and another sailor going up in the shrouds to act as a sail in a wind so strong that canvas would have wrecked the ship. A fine, vivid, lovable book! —made still more valuable by Dampier's own maps and plates, and by Mr. Masefield's introduction, notes, and brief biographies of some of the writer's associates.

EDWARD THOMAS.

A CRUEL STORY.*

Here is a story which I shall not read again—which I would not have followed to the end except under compulsion. It belongs to the great modern French school of antitheism and suicide, increasing the world's melancholy, breeding darkness. How amazing it is that English crowds who send for light literature to the *Times'* Book Club can take such a thing into their hands when they seek amusement! "The romance and tragedy of the natural life," we are told on the outside wrapper; but, in truth, "The Whirlwind" is a sordid version of Job, travestied to strike at the Bible and to make out the trusting Christian a fool whom his God has played with, as a cat with a mouse. There was no need at all further to infect an episode of adultery by lending it the irreligious taint which smells in its whole texture. So handled, the story is false—false in motive and in grain. It must be understood that to Mr. Eden Phillpotts the enemy, against whom he hurls this indictment with shrieks of passion, is—we had better say it in French, copying from a late Minister of Marine across

* "The Whirlwind." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Photo Mansell. **Captain William Dampier.**

From the painting by Thomas Murray in the National Portrait Gallery.

(Reproduced from "Dampier's Voyages," by kind permission of E. Grant Richards.)

the Channel—"l'infame, c'est Dieu." Anyone that believes in God or immortality, so the lesson runs, is an idiot, who deserves what he gets. The humble-minded, prayerful, but jealous Daniel Brendan believes, and is treated accordingly. No critic acquainted with Parisian novels of a certain type will hesitate over the source of inspiration from which copious draughts have thus been drawn. Luckily, in England we do not care for "Les Blasphèmes"; but a rather silly love of excitement, and a blindness to what it is all about, may encourage this unwholesome production. In Mr. Hardy's Wessex the atheist reigns and sadness abounds. Mr. Phillpotts, who chooses Dartmoor as a frame to his ugly picture, writes with less reticence where sacred topics lie at his mercy; with undoubted power of landscape-painting—although we might ask whose eyes were engaged, those of the actors or of the story-teller, upon these somewhat symbolic visions—and with vivacity in touching up his Devonshire characters. The dialect is mixed, and, professing to be fifty years old, has many late Americanisms. If you would like to know the story in outline it is easily told. Brendan, the devout farm-hand; Mary Jane, the child of Nature, his wife; and Hilary Woodrow, his master, gentleman-farmer, invalid, and infidel, carry it through. The giant Brendan is hot-blooded; Mary Jane has no strong convictions regarding the sanctity of the marriage-tie, but is altogether "primitive" and "human" in her simple views; while the infidel farmer thinks it amiable on his own part to purchase the young woman by leaving his estate to Brendan as the price of Mary Jane's virtue. All is done with a deal of sentiment, much fine talk, and scenery corresponding. Hilary dies in the nick of time, and so escapes being murdered when the husband finds out what has happened; Mary Jane stabs herself to save Brendan the trouble. The widower, having uttered imprecations on his God, joins the Salvation Army. But I protest that the loveliness of Dartmoor is no argument against religion. Apart from its landscape, the book is to me, I frankly own it, horrible.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE NEW ATTITUDE.*

To the countryman, or the townsman in the country, inns and houses and good company are less important than they were. Time was when the country was looked upon merely as the abode of people whose manners were different from those of the town. It was a thing whose excellence was measured by the condition of its roads, the complacence of its innkeepers, and the subserviency of its inhabitants. Its chief characteristic was that it divided town from town. It was to be hurried through as quickly as possible. Its dulness was only combated in the traveller's mind by his hopes of a comfortable supper. Time was, too, when the country supplied jaded minds with the same flattery that they seek to-day in sentimental mysticism. It was a "romantick solitude." The *Spectator* of 1711 remarked that "to one used to live in a City the Charms of the Country are so exquisite, that the mind is lost in a certain Transport which raises us above ordinary Life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with Tranquillity." Doctor Johnson honestly preferred Fleet Street. Earlier writers made the country into Doll-land, with sugar shepherdesses and Noah's Ark trees. Later writers enjoyed the "grandeur of the mountains," the "peace of the valleys," the "quiet industry of the hamlet" in the most correct and edifying manner it is possible to imagine. It is only lately that we have come to suspect the presence of the elusive, subtle thing that is beginning to make country literature. It is only lately that we have come to consider the country as something in itself, with a strange hold over us that we cannot understand; something quite independent of inns or conversational eccentricities, something bigger and more forceful than town, something to which we are bound by fetters forged before we knew. It is only lately that we have come to feel uneasy about it, and to want to comfort ourselves with other people's country books. We have feared it, we have enjoyed it, it is now beginning to puzzle us.

Consequently, there has lately been invented a variety of country writing whose relation to nature is that of the best criticism to literature. This writing does not catalogue graces or evils. It seeks to appreciate, to realise something that the author has left unrealised. Its object is revelation rather than judgment, and its method is personal.

Such a book is this of Mr. Edward Thomas, which is built of a number of perfectly visualised descriptions that are more than descriptions, because, being intensely temperamental, they are revelations. The book is built of the very heart of the country, because it is built of the heart of one man to whom the country has meant more than most things mean to most men. Passage after passage brings wood and field, a patch of poppies behind a gate, a barge on a canal with a woman on board it playing a concertina, a pool overshadowed by trees beside an old farmhouse, the long, intoxicating curve of chalk downs, the flight of birds along the edge of a wood, sunlight through beech stems, so vividly before us, and with so much more meaning than is openly expressed, that it is easy to imagine men in town who have known the country, and men abroad who have once called England home, finding their sight blurred as they try to read the pages.

Mr. Thomas's country people are as significant as his landscapes. He does not thump himself into a beef and beer patriotism. He does not chronicle country dances or country customs in the silly, patronising manner adopted by his illustrator, whose pictures represent most perfectly the old dead convention that thought it had achieved romance and true sentiment when it put "Old England," so, in inverted commas. Mr. Thomas does not try to catch our chuckles by jeering accounts of country fools. That old trick has been left behind along with the rhymes, once popular, about discomfited Welshmen, and the plays whose comic relief was labelled in the list of actors as "The Yorkshireman" or, more simply, "A Country Bumpkin." He does not call Devon men "hearts of oak," or tell us that dalesmen are hard at a bargain. Instead, the same thing has happened to him that happened to Balzac when he wrote the "Human Comedy." He meant it to be French, and it turned out to be universal. Mr. Thomas may have meant his country and its men to be English, but his book expresses more than a part of one small land; it expresses the universal country, as opposed to the universal town. It is in this that the difference between his attitude and the less sensitive attitudes that we have lost is most clearly known. His landscapes are touched by that strange, large spirit that troubles our lack of simplicity, and his country-folk are made by the same spirit greater than we, whom their simplicity confounds. There is a fine account of a north country pedlar, who asks the townsman, "Tell me about London. The evening is young yet," and leaves him silent and ashamed. In that incident, which might have happened in the same way, in any part of the world, the whole frightening contrast between town and country is expressed once for all. I do not know a single townsman who would dare attempt an answer to that pedlar face to face.

The book is a beautiful disturbing thing. It is rich with physical enjoyment of wind and sunshine and colour, sufficient in itself to have made it beautiful; but it is given a deeper import, a disturbing meaning, by the passionate knowledge of the unworthiness, of the impotence, of the pettiness of a city-bred man in the presence of the stupider and grander people who have lived with nature from their birth. Such a book could never have been written by a countryman; people in the country will read it as a revelation of the attitude of town, people in town as a wonderful apocalypse of the Eden from which they have been cast out, and over the gates of which their own self-consciousness wields a flaming sword.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

* "The Heart of England." By Edward Thomas. Illustrated by H. L. Richardson. 21s. net. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

HUMANISM AND SCIENCE.*

Sir Norman Lockyer's addresses cover a period of nearly forty years, during which he has appealed, perhaps with

* "Education and National Progress; Essays and Addresses, 1870-1895." By Sir Norman Lockyer, K.C.B. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

* "Studies in Education during the Age of the Renaissance, 1400-1600." By William Harrison Woodward, Professor of Education in the University of Liverpool. (Cambridge University Press.)

more success than he supposes, for the extension of scientific training, and for a larger call upon the National Exchequer. On the latter point, the Secretary for War in his preface sounds a note of caution. Money, granted in haste, has been spent unwisely, and in the hour of need there has been nothing to give. *Festina lente*, says Mr. Haldane to Mr. Asquith, and lays equal stress on either word. To the necessity of expenditure, no one can be blind, and Mr. Rockefeller's last gift to his own country should be a lesson to the private benefactor in this. On this main thesis, then, reasonable humanists will be in accord with Sir Norman Lockyer, however little sympathy they may have with some of the arguments adduced in its support. Apart from an inability to appreciate the merits of a classical education, Sir Norman Lockyer is far from being an enemy of literature. He pleads that the national defence and the national prosperity are at stake, and calls for more brain-power and more instruction in science. The two things are not the same, for each can sometimes be found without the other, but this will not prevent us from accepting his plea. No money can be ill-spent that really goes to serve the needs of our industrial population. Some would add that the case is the more urgent because certain political quack doctors are puffing an economic nostrum, which would soon be fatal. Indeed, the humanist can supply Sir Norman Lockyer with an additional argument. National prosperity is essential to literature. The revival of learning, as Mr. Woodward points out, "was rendered possible by the general social progress of North Italian communities." *Cessante causa cessat et effectus.* Moral decline would follow close upon national decay, and there would be scarce a humanist left to regret that while there was yet time the kiss of peace was not exchanged between Literature and Science.

To the increase of scientific knowledge, Sir Norman Lockyer oddly gives the name of the new Renaissance. It may be doubted whether he quite appreciates the spirit of the old. Indeed, it is very difficult to follow his statements on this subject. He tells us that "our forbears, A.D. 1000 up to A.D. 1200, were in the forefront of that first Renaissance," a hard saying, not made easier by the sequel. "At the Renaissance they insisted upon the teaching of Latin because then everybody who was anybody spoke Latin—it was the *lingua franca* of Europe—and not to speak Latin was to belong to the corps of the deaf and dumb"; and again, "they had to learn Greek, because the movers in the educational world at that time were chiefly doctors," and, the authorities being Greeks, the language was necessary "in order chiefly that they might learn medicine and surgery." One may wonder whether the students of the Borough Polytechnic Institution, to whom this address was delivered, saw that Sir Norman Lockyer was making a light jump from Richard I. to Henry VII. For all he told them, his statements might refer to the same period. Sir Norman Lockyer makes "the least little dip into the history of the old universities," and thus supposes himself to "prick the bubble of classical education." It would have to be very much a bubble to be pricked by so fictitious a pin. Greek and Latin were learned, says Sir Norman Lockyer, "because people had to learn them to get their daily bread." If anyone does not know, and would like to learn that, alike in Italy and in England, the great men of the Renaissance had higher views than this, he may well be referred to the excellent pages of Mr. Woodward.

Mr. Woodward's work deals with such great educators as Vittorino of Feltre, Guarino of Verona, Erasmus, and Melanchthon. He treats education as "belief, thought, and social ideal in their application to the up-bringing of youth." These things change, and education must change with them. All our educators would probably agree that the purpose of their labour is to produce worthy members of the State. On the question wherein that worthiness consists, they may differ widely. They may not all hold with Leo Battista Alberti that "letters can never be a hindrance, but are in the result a distinct source of strength to all who follow any profession whatever," or with Verginius that "judgment, wisdom, and integrity are cultivated by liberal learning." In the modern world there must be many forms of development. As he is a one-sided man of science who contemns the study of antiquity, so he is no true humanist who looks askance upon the spread of applied science. A modicum of tongues is required of the scientific undergraduate. It would perhaps be well if the literary undergraduate were required to show some knowledge of science. It is possible that the student of Greek might find the necessary science less difficult to acquire than the student of science finds the necessary Greek.

JOHN SARGEAUNT.

AN EPIC OF HORRORS.*

This book leaves the reader horrified and perplexed. The predominance of either sensation depends on one's capacity for being shocked or engrossed in a literary puzzle. Sooner or later, however, everybody must ask himself: "Is this history, or may we be mercifully allowed to accept it as fiction?"

It purports to be a series of letters dealing with the Boxer rising and the siege of the Peking Legations in 1900. With a realism that occasionally approaches grossness it describes the details of the bad business as observed from day to day. Little or nothing is extenuated, and one hopes that no word is set down in malice. But if it be true, only one conclusion can be drawn: that the Western peoples emerged from the grim episode more tarnished than the Eastern, and that the massacre so confidently reported would have been no unfitting fate for men who behaved as fools and cowards. A harsh deduction! Should any doubt its logic, let them read these pages and understand.

It is impossible within narrow limits to convey an adequate impression of the picture left on the mind by the letters which Mr. Putnam Weale edits or professes to edit. The hackneyed story of men of the old and men of the new civilisation emulating each other in feats of atrocity and bloodshed is, from an English point of view, but a minor consideration. These may be as bad as they have been reported: they may have been exaggerated. In either case much may be pardoned to human beings subjected to awful stress and strain, and rendered oblivious of finer feelings by circumstances worse than bestial. A coroner's jury will charitably attribute suicide to temporary insanity. Surrounded on all sides by a brutal foe, faced hour after hour and week after week with unimaginable excesses of cruelty, expecting during long-drawn-out time that they themselves may suffer hideous death, men may become temporarily insane. It is not for us to judge them otherwise than as a coroner's jury judges the suicide. We may condemn the acts: we must pity the actors. But Mr. Putnam Weale, or his problematic letter-writer, confronts us with a shame more difficult to condone. He asks us to believe that at Peking in the hour of trial Europeans were seized with a fear that was wholly base; that the occupants of the British Legation sneaked in security and skulked from danger; that from beginning to end the representatives of the Powers were prevented from taking any save the most ridiculously feeble measures of defence by mutual jealousies and animosities. For none of the leaders has he a good word, except the German Minister, who was assassinated early in the siege. He goes so far as to make a general accusation of the meanest trickery. "All the plenipotentiaries," runs a passage in an early letter, "are trying to save their positions and their careers by violent despatch-writing at the eleventh hour. They know perfectly well that it is they alone who are responsible for the present *impasse*, and that even if they come out alive they are all hopelessly compromised. Young O—— told me that in their Legation they were actually antedating their despatches so as to be on the safe side!"

These are serious attacks on the honour, not indeed of individuals, but of a whole body—so serious that one questions an author's moral right to make them in so vicarious yet emphatic a manner. The public of a whole continent, more especially the English public, would be justified in demanding from Mr. Weale the name and credentials of his letter-writer. If the charges are true, then are we humbled in the persons of those who stood for Western capacity and courage in Peking; but before we abase ourselves let us know from whom the accusation comes.

The book is extraordinary for the reason I have pointed

* "Indiscreet Letters from Peking." Being the Notes of an Eye-witness, which set forth in some detail, from day to day, the Real Story of the Siege and Sack of a Distressed Capital in 1900—the year of great tribulation. Edited by B. L. Putnam Weale. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

out. It is remarkable also as a piece of literature. To find a description of war comparable to it you must go to Tolstoy or Stephen Crane. Tolstoy had been through the scenes he depicted in "Sevastopol." Stephen Crane when he wrote "The Red Badge of Courage" had not, they say, heard a shot fired in anger; yet no reader inexperienced in war would have dreamt that his inspiration was imagination alone. Remembering Crane's achievement, I for one would not attempt to decide whether the letters in Mr. Weale's volume are or are not what they profess to be: letters actually written in Peking while the drama was unfolding from its confused beginning to its bloody close. Their effect on the mind is that of a piece of appalling realism. At the beginning of one of them is a paragraph which suggests their vivid quality with an exactness no description could equal: "It is past twelve o'clock at night, but in spite of the late hour and my fatigue—I have been dead-tired for a week now—I am writing this with the greatest ease, my pen gliding, as it were, over a surface of ice-like slippiness, although my fingers are all blistered from manual work. Why? you will ask. Well, simply because my imagination is afire, and taking complete control of such minor things as the nerves and muscles of my right arm, my eyes and my general person, it speeds me along with astonishing celerity. Let your imagination be aflame and you can do anything. . . "

Yes, anything! . . . But a writer should guard against a method of publication which leaves his readers torn between admiration for his literary skill and doubt as to his trustworthiness.

THOMAS LLOYD.

HUMAN TOLL.*

There are as many methods of writing a novel as there are of painting a picture. All are legitimate if the result be artistic. Mrs. Baynton's method in "Human Toll" will probably be severely criticised by those who demand clarity, form, and grouping from an artist whose style, intensely impressionistic, aims primarily at etching on our consciousness a sinister human drama of ordinary life in a Bush township. We can conceive the conventional mind urging two objections to "Human Toll," saying in effect, "I., The development of your plot is unskilful; II., your characters are unpleasant people, and we cannot sympathise with them." To this it may be replied that commonplace people condemn Dostoievsky's novels on the same grounds, not seeing that the artistic appeal lies in the originality and cunning force of the revelation of human life, granted obvious flaws and excesses in the manner of the telling. Mrs. Baynton presents her characters by a series of rapid incisive strokes, her scenes do not form any co-ordinated whole, but are a string of salient episodes and psychological links in the running chain of the story. As with Dostoievsky, there is little or no perspective, but a compelling atmosphere. But any mental fatigue that may assail the reader who has the wit to concentrate his attention on "Human Toll," will be compensated for a hundredfold by the strange dominancy of this absolutely original vision. The story opens with the scene of Boshy, the old one-eyed squatter, trying to distract and keep the small child Ursula's attention to himself, while he is making a coffin for "the dead Boss," her father, out of the table-leaves he has prized off for the job. The child has no comprehension of what has come to her "silent, sleeping father," who lies, immovable, on his bed, with the coverlid over his face. The conversation between Boshy and the child, intensely naturalistic, gets on the reader's nerves, and brings him almost physically into the drama of the quick and the dead. Only imaginative art of a very rare order could so body forth a scene in the essentials, all superfluities being eliminated. The surprising economy of means by which Mrs. Baynton gets her grim effects, points to her genius working without consciousness of that host of commonplace details of which most men's "impressions" are composed. There is not a line of commonplace in her novel, and scarcely a hint of sentiment. The terrible earthiness of human instinct, the underlying egoism of our desires, the determining force of a mean environment, the gauntness and squalidness of decivilised Australian life, are portrayed remorselessly in the figures of half a dozen characters, especially in those of the sinister Mr. Civil, the ex-parson, and the inhuman murderess, the German girl, Mina Stem. It is probable that the art that, metaphorically speaking, sinks the deepest of shafts into the fundamental animalism of our being will be exceedingly unwelcome to the middle-class reader who is always struggling to keep his ideals on the soothing and unreal plane of, say, Burne Jones's "Love Among the Ruins," or Watts's "Love and Life." But Mrs. Baynton's art, dealing with the stern harshness of an unlovely life, an art that is nourished by no desire for illusions, has the property of making the examples we have cited seem what indeed they are—glorified Christmas cards, inspired by noble sentiments. The functions of art are, of course, various, and the function, incidentally, of the unerring remorseless realism of these "ugly pictures," is to destroy the fancy pictures of our moralists and our sentimentalists whose name is legion. That is the beauty of an art that accepts unhesitatingly the ugliest facts of nature. Its sincerity shows that the idealists are, in general, too much out of touch with nature. Consider carefully the following picture of a death, which is, indeed, strong meat for the suburban stomach. We must premise that Mr. Civil has married the dying woman for her money, and now has his eye on her successor. Bella Watson:—

"That afternoon they stood at the foot of Mrs. Civil's bed. She was propped up by pillows, and through the little window looking westward the afternoon sun blazed unsparingly on the discoloured face of the sick woman, speechlessly rigid. Ursie stood, her eyes going from her aunt's bloated face to her swollen body, outlined and augmented by the white covering. Andrew, intently watching the girl, saw no understood sign of sorrow. Her mouth had set into a straight line, but her eyes were dry and staring. So she had left them all years ago—Boshy, he, all she knew—dry-eyed and staring. . . . 'Sit—in—the—light,' said the patient to Ursie that night.

"The girl moved, and Andrew raised the lamp to the shelf, so that its rays fell on Ursie's face.

"'You—have—your father's brow—and chin, and—your—mother's mouth—and eyes, but your—grandmother's—hands.' . . .

"'Now, now,' stormed Mr. Civil, noisily pushing in at the door; 'is this keeping quiet? Out of this, out of this, both of you.'

"I—wan't—to—talk—to them,' said Mrs. Civil, raising her hand imploringly.

"'Another time, when your are better, my dear; plenty of time. Come out—come out, Andrew; come out, you, Miss.'

"Mrs. Civil's hand fell back heavily, and she closed her eyes. 'Another—time—Andrew,' she panted.

"'I hear that before I came,' Andrew told Ursula, 'if Civil went out, that Bella Watson would come as guard, till one night aunt threw the lamp at her, then took a fit. Bella has not been near her since I came. But he is always upsetting her by taking her death for granted, so I am constantly on the watch. Listen,' whispered Andrew, 'what's he reading now?'

"Both moved close to the patient's window.

"'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.'

"Solemnly the ex-parson read some verses from St. Paul's mournful masterpiece, then, kneeling by the bed, prayed for the soul of one surely in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And like a muffled drum, the stertorous breathing of the woman on the bed beat time to the service. Looking through the window, they saw him rise from his knees, raise the lamp, and holding it close to his wife, peer keenly into her face. She lay with her eyes half-closed, taking short laboured breaths through her open mouth. He put down the lamp, then harshly partly chanted and intoned:—

> If Thou should'st call me to resign
> What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
> I only yield Thee what was Thine,
> Thy will be done,
> Thy———'

"Andrew's broad hand closed over the vocalist's mouth, the other had him by the neck."

Three pages follow, describing the death, which, in deference to the unspoken wishes of our readers, we will not quote from. They are horrible, and true, but how fine is their art's remorselessly simple analysis when contrasted with the stagey falsity of death-bed scenes in most English novelists. We have said enough here to show that if the art of "Human Toll" is to be assessed, it must be judged on the artistic plane of the work of Balzac, Maupassant, or Dostoievsky. There is nothing in recent English fiction that is so psychologically remarkable as her book. It is an unequal performance, fragmentary and uncertain in some of its effects, perhaps a little too nebulous and confused here, and a little too overstrained there. But it is a work of genius indisputably, disconcertingly sinister, extraordinarily actual. In the last third of the story the authoress

* "Human Toll." By Barbara Baynton. 6s. (Duckworth and Co.)

throws aside the objective method of the early pages, and concentrates herself on a pathological analysis of her heroine, Ursula's mind, while bearing the unnatural strain of isolation in the Bush, with the criminal Mina, and a black fellow and his gin. The intensity of horror is developed to the point of delirium in the final scene, where Ursula wanders, lost in the Bush, with Mina's dead baby, a prey to raging thirst. It is difficult to appraise the power of this scene, though perhaps it is, artistically speaking, too sustained and a little overdone. Our readers should examine the book for themselves, though, to speak candidly, we must own that it will not please one man in twenty. But for that we must blame not the author's genius, but our public's æsthetic limitations. EDWARD GARNETT.

STRUCTURE AND GROWTH OF MIND.*

The title of this book suggests a physiological point of view. Since we are not accustomed to speak of the structure of the mind, it is natural that when structure is in question we should think of the brain. But this is precisely what Professor Mitchell seeks to avoid. He is quite willing to give the indirect or physiological explanation of the mind its due place—his final chapter does it full justice—but his main interest is in the direct explanation. The volume is not a text-book of psychology in the ordinary sense, but rather an analysis of experience in all its branches. The sympathetic and æsthetic intelligence is treated with much greater fulness and freshness than is usual in English works of this kind. No attempt is made to give an exact translation of those troublesome words *Einfühlung* and *Einsfühlung*, but the terms are very clearly explained and their applications admirably illustrated under the heading of "Fellow-feeling and Individuation." While we have here the first systematic exposition in English of the newer German views, we have more than an exposition. The chapter on "Absorption in an Object" is a first-hand contribution to a hitherto somewhat neglected aspect of experience. The author is careful to keep the three grades of intelligence—the sensory, the perceptual, and the conceptual—free from the assumption that they may be held to represent useful units of time in our mental development, since "they are counted, the first in hours after birth, the next in months, and the third in all the years that follow." The organic relation among these stages is well worked out, and many common errors on the subject exposed. One of the most striking features of the book is the insistence upon the true relation between thought and the object of thought. Error after error is traced back to the seductive fallacy that, in some way or other, the thought *resembles* its object. So long as the thought of an object is supposed to be in some sort a copy of it, our thinking cannot be right. Without losing his way in metaphysics, or endangering the organic unity of experience, the author is able to keep thought and thing in their proper places. Another of his fundamental points is the original view he adopts of the results that are usually reached by psychologists after treating of Association and Habit. His "taking for granted" is a happy name for the process by which the mind is enabled to utilise previous thought as paid-up capital. Though the book deals with all departments of experience, it does not lose its unity. Each part stands the test of comparison with all the rest, which indeed is the touchstone of truth accepted by the author himself when he tells us "that no truth is isolate and independent, but is of necessity true; that every truth belongs to a system which guarantees it, and which it guarantees." While philosophically sound, the book is eminently sane and practical. It is a really important addition to the literature of the subject.

J. A.

THE AMERICAN SCENE.*

Mr. Henry James has spent a holiday in America, and like other scribblers, better and worse, would fain recover his travelling expenses by printing his impressions. Only that—and nothing more! How much that means those who are familiar with Mr. James's little ways know but too well. Yet peradventure some there be, nay, my impressionist brain hovers between a strong improbabalistic certainty, and a vague, nebulous, sharply defined suspicion, pale as the Dawn over a sky-scraper and elusively pink as an inadequately boiled lobster, that they are many—(oh! this terrible Jacobean jargon! it is an influenza, and you see that I have caught it already)—who have not yet gone through the fire to his pinchbeck Molochs or bowed the knee in the obfuscatorially tenebrose coal-cellar of his fuliginous Rimmon. (By an effort I shake off the sesquipedalian paroxysm and resume my pedestrian jog-trot.) Well, if these unspotted souls demand some description, some criticism of "the American Scene," it could be adequately, exhaustively, finally summed up in a single impressionist word, monosyllable or dissyllable—for there is choice of synonyms—which they at least would understand—"and with an ill-bred whisper close the Scene." One word—one little word!—and the Editor suggests "about 1,600"! What is to be done? Suppose that, rejecting modernisms—for I detest the XXth century, even to its slang—we choose for our little word a synonym respectable for its antiquity and sanctioned by the highest literary authority—the oracular "Fudge!" of good Mr. Burchell—very willingly could I expand it into 1,600, or 16,000 words, by condensing just a very few of my impressionist impressions of Mr. James and other One-eyed Kings among the Stone-blind; but that I must not. Or I might impressionize his impressions after his own manner—which is easy enough to parody—in a rigmarole as prolix as his own; but that I will not. It would only please the Jacobeans, whom I want to snub.

Though Mr. James's "American Scene"—and probably much of his later work—is sad rubbish, I shall ever retain my deep and unfeigned admiration for his consummate talent. Several of his early works I reviewed, and no doubt dwelt upon their many excellences, but certainly I pointed out the rocks on which his genius was fated to make shipwreck. The dread propensities were already growing fast when I took my last view of him with an impression—for even we poor simple souls have our impressions—as of a gallant craft which, dimly descried through the yeasty surges of his own jargon, had got out of his course, wallowing helplessly in a sea of spurious "Analysis." And after many years I find to-day his shivered timbers and cargo of soft goods and mixed notions cast up in dire ruin on the American coast. (Jacobean metaphors again! Pardon and pity!) In plain words, I dropped Mr. James because he no longer promised more than variations on his old triumphs, while his growing tendency to falsetto alarmed and disgusted. From time to time stray notices in the press seemed to record the stages in his deterioration. So Henry James survived only as a memory—the memory of a distinguished novelist who flourished somewhere between 1870 and 1890; whether since then deceased or still amusing his well-earned leisure by throwing dust and pepper in the eyes of his public mattered not. No one, I presume, has ever denied his remarkable native gifts, or his fine literary accomplishments, and it is an impertinence to say—yet it has been said—that he is a genius who might have done great things. He has done great things. True, not even his best books are great, or even good, because they all are marred by grave defects, but they do contain work so superlatively good in its way as to claim the palm of greatness. Even in this last volume you may with effort disentangle from the verbiage strands of perception as vivid and of thought as tense as of old; and now and then you will find him, in his chosen domains—scenic impressions and human motive—forgetting his pose and falling back perhaps for a whole sentence, into exquisitely sympathetic or arresting expression.

What from the very first—from "The Lady of the Aroostook"—vaguely repelled me in Mr. James was not his monomania for what he calls, and evidently believes to be, Analysis, but a certain conscious though concealed want of moral ballast, lack of ethical faith—what shall I call it? It seemed as though he were rearing his airy palaces so light yet strong—slight nervous steel girders, intricate wire trellis, glittering glass—because he suspected that he was building on treacherous foundations—quicksands, morass, or volcano crust. He analysed and discussed the motives and actions of his personages—or made them do the business for themselves—always in terms of conventional morality, but it was

* "Structure and Growth of Mind." By William Mitchell. 10s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

* "The American Scene." By Henry James. Price 12s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)

rarely clear when we were expected to approve or disapprove, and Mr. James seemed as much befogged as ourselves. I suppose modern Art forbade him to use the old didactic moral labels, but if he did not know which to call right or wrong, he should either have said so frankly, or else concealed his hesitancy more artistically—and successfully. One felt somehow that at the bottom of it all there was something dubious, unsettled and unsettling—something perhaps bordering on evil. But after all, this vague air of insincerity he shares with some other typical writers of his transition period, who may have felt their minds not yet clear enough on fundamental ethics, or may have judged the time was unpropitious for speaking out. And that is why they appear—unjustly appear—as irresponsible amateurs compared to the Old Masters, who, though they sometimes built on sand, firmly believed it to be solid rock, and so their magnificent assurance dominates and convinces to this day.

Impressions twenty-five years old! Yet they have lingered in the memory, so must have been strong and definite. One is of surprise—bewilderment—then admiration. Here was something new and strange. Was it mere eccentricity? Was it impudent mystification? Many features recalled older masters—I do not say, were derived from, for I hate all that "deriving," "tracing," evolution-business—Dickens, for instance, in the accentuation of odd characters, Balzac the dissecting surgeon of the heart, and the rest. But the general effect, good or bad, seemed distinctly original and individual. Mr. James has had some rivals and many imitators in his enterprise, but can you point to a single previous work which could possibly be for one moment mistaken for his? I think not. Again, though from the very first unto this last we trace the progress of his maladies—his fidgety, niggling handling of cases of conscience, his pryings and pokings and probings and fumblings—he had received the rare natural gift of the Seeing Eye. It is all in a nutshell. He gazed on his fellow-men. He saw in clearest light their clothes—their social environment; through these he saw less distinctly the naked form—the physical constituents, proclivities, and so forth—and piercing the envelope of flesh his eye discerned something—not much, but far more than yours or mine could see—something of the Something in the central shrine—the Secret of the Soul. But he wanted to see more—farther, deeper, clearer. Alas, he *could not* So he *pretended to.* And by means of the faculty called Faith, he easily half-persuaded himself into believing that he really *did.* A few doubted, contemptuous of this amalgam of pretence and self-delusion. But many believed and cherished him, for "*parmi les aveugles le borgne est roi*"—be he novelist, scientist, or theologian. All in a nutshell!

Yes, Mr. James sees and knows a lot about human beings. And the proof is that he can invent them. Some characters live in his pages, who certainly never could have lived out of them. His humour, too, more English than American, is genuine, though here he neglects his powers. But to me his charm lay in his somewhat rare but brilliant flashes of the modern French *esprit*—it goes back no farther than Voltaire—which few English can understand, and far fewer imitate—that impish protervity of thought and phrase, grave yet sportive, delicate yet impudent, lightsome but profound, fantastic yet severely true. For Mr. James at his best could be enchantingly odd, and that best I found and praised in a short story called "Lady Barberina," a little masterpiece in spite of its exaggerations and burlesque. Shelves, libraries of European fiction studied in those days have faded from my mind, but that tale survives still fresh and clear. Enough remains to fill several pages—the entire plot, all the characters and scenes, some conversations, and many of the quips and cranks which tickled me most. Yes, I admit that Mr. James has chosen to do poor work, and that if he had hearkened to his own genius instead of to the busy flatterers, he might have done better, and the best. But with this old spell still strong upon me, it would be ungenerous to deny that, for me at least, he has done great work—work of forcible, of abiding, of indelible impress.

Must we again lift the curtain on the dreary "American Scene"? Sad rubbish!—what more would you know? I cannot read it through; nor could you—perhaps no one ever will. There are 465 pages; 14 chapters, each, nominally, dealing with some city or district. Study a few pages carefully, pick out what sense there is, and you will find that Mr. James is quite sound on American bigness, nastiness, and social barrenness. But so are other people; so should be all who see to-day the Spread Eagle gloating over the corruption of a gang of low millionaires not fit to associate with decent niggers. If you want to know about the States, read Basil Hall or any other intelligible old writer. Their facts may be obsolete—no matter—they are less unsavoury. Mr. James tells me very little about America, but 465 pages more about himself than I want to know. His Impressionism and Analytics are, to speak bluntly, pure Humbug. The Perfect Impressionist pretends to seek the Mystical Affinities and Inner Meaning of everything. Gazes on a cloud and wonders is it humped like a camel—or meant for a whale—a five-pound note—or a greenback—or possibly a piano, or a mother-in-law? Or he stares at a blank wall—what mystery does its blankness import? The House of Commons? shrimps for tea? a fall in Kaffirs? Miss Terry with her back hair down? No! something greyer, more brickdusty, more Rhadamanthine than any of these. Really most puzzling! Then sometimes comes the supreme joke. After drivelling on with nonsense like this for a page or two, muddled and muddling, Mr. James is sorry to say he cannot "at present" interpret that particular brick wall—his "mood" is not propitious maybe—and he has the impudence to promise to look at it another day "in a different light," and favour us with the result later on. If only they *were* meant for burlesque, I should hugely relish these candid confessions of failure. And this twaddle he calls Analysis. It is nothing of the kind. Analysis is getting sense out of something, not putting nonsense in. And he pumps out his nonsense in a flood of jargon which really beggars description, in a style clumsy, slipshod, pretentious and "deliberately unintelligible"—as he would say, for long words are as dear to him as his crabbed Impressionist shibboleths. I tried the Sortes Jacobeanæ, and opening the leaves at random, noted down a few sentences, each more astounding than the last, and meant to make fun of them. But I forbear. You cannot trust me? Very well, take the first (page 2) and see how you like it! Mark the style, the sense, the chaste imagery. It is a first impression of New York, below which two rivers meet—"the serried bristling city, held in the easy embrace of its great good-natured rivers very much as a battered and accommodating beauty may sometimes be 'distinguished' by a gallant less fastidious, with his open arms, than his type would seem to imply." How far he goes to fetch—well, coarseness! And note, there are two rivers, so there ought to have been two gallants, "distinguishing" one on each side—which is absurd—and revolting. Lower down I find the sun "resting on that dull glaze of crimson paint, as thick as on the cheek of cruder coquetry, which is, in general, beneath its range, the sign of the old-fashioned," whatever that may mean. Again on page 16—"the hidden ponds over which the season itself seemed to bend as a young bedizened, a slightly melodramatic mother, before taking some guilty flight, hangs over the crib of her sleeping child." Thus much of his delicate virginal similes—seek for yourself specimens of his crack-jaw jargon. And worse—the very worst—the pump is not yet dry. In a later volume the mystery of the, at present, insoluble paving-stones, straw hats and gaspipes will be revealed. Enough! A long farewell to the Impressionist and his impressions! The only impression I retain of them is that of a Remorseless Bore. Y. Y.

THE REAL BLAKE.*

This book is typical of one of the worst phases of contemporary literature. When the recent deluge of books about Blake began, THE BOOKMAN was by no means tardy in welcoming a revival of interest in a very remarkable poet; and also in welcoming the long-desired reprint of Mr. Swinburne's glorious panegyric of the saner, stronger, and more beautiful aspect of Blake's work. But that is a very different matter from welcoming books like this which now lies before us, books which eke out a kind of parasitic existence on the most undesirable of a great man's idiosyncrasies. This is no exaggeration of the state of affairs with regard to Blake. Celtery is nestling in one corner, a vague vapour; Theosophy and Magic, and "the Occult" are huddled in another

* "The Real Blake." By Edwin J. Ellis. 12s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)

niche. The faddist and the mere bookmaker are joining hands with epileptics and Mrs. Piper in yet another shrine of Cloacina. The prudes are in the summer-house discussing that discredited story of Adam and Eve with uplifted hands; and Mr. Ellis's book is veritably a compendium of the whole family of these. He attacks Mr. Butt (who is said to have discovered the couple) for divulging the sacred scene and for treating it with that most wholesome antidote—humour. At the same time, Mr. Ellis himself relates what surely should have been far more sacred even to his biographer, a pitiful tale of Blake's caterwauling for more *abandon* in his wife. We do not see how the story (that Blake lay upon his bed and howled) ever got abroad, unless he himself or his wife divulged it; and we certainly do not see how it is possible for any outsider like Mr. Ellis to decide at this distance of time what no contemporary could decide, whether Blake or his wife were to blame. The discussion is altogether unprofitable.

We should be lacking in a sense of proportion if we objected to Mr. Ellis printing a manuscript not intended for publication by Blake. We have a very great objection to Mr. Ellis's restoration of a verbal obscenity that was carefully crossed out in the manuscript, and had another word substituted for it in the margin—though the whole piece is glorified with ebullitions of schoolboy nastiness unworthy a moment's consideration, and certainly never intended to have such consideration by its erratic author. When, in addition to this kind of research, Mr. Ellis refers us to the writings of a lady novelist in an "occult" periodical in order to illuminate the visionary side of Blake's mind, we begin to get impatient. When he declares that the numerous editions of Blake are beginning to oust one of the supreme poets of all literature—Wordsworth—from our shelves, we begin to revolt. When Mr. Ellis has the impertinence to sneer at the beautiful and dignified work of the greatest living poet who was one of the first to claim attention for Blake, and when he begins to prefix the claims of himself and a certain Celtic poet to public regard, we begin to feel something like contempt for him. He declares that Mr. Swinburne emphasised the comparative cloudiness and incoherence of Blake's prophetic books, *because he did not want to be humiliated by a confession of defeat.* Swinburne, in his generous exaltation of the work of other men, is utterly beyond and above the reach of such an insinuation. Let us here state our certainty that Mr. Swinburne's noble and sane view of Blake, with its dignified disregard of all that is petty or base or foolish, is absolutely the right and the complete view. Let us close with Mr. Swinburne's brief and complete answer to these petty faddists:—

"If we regard Blake as a Celt rather than an Englishman, we shall find it no longer so difficult to understand from whence he derived his amazing capacity for such illimitable emptiness of mock-mystical babble as we find in his bad imitations of so bad a model as the Apocalypse . . . being a Celt he now and then too probably had no meaning worth the labour of deciphering—or at least worth the serious attention of any student belonging to a race in which reason and intelligence are the possibly preferable substitutes for fever and fancy. But in that case it must be gratefully admitted that the Celtic tenuity of his sensitive and prehensile intelligence throws into curious relief the occasional flashes of inspiration, the casual fits of insight which raise him to the momentary level of a deep and free thinker, as well as a true and an immortal poet."

Alfred Noyes.

"EDINBURGH REVIEW" ESSAYS.*

Ever since it was founded, the *Edinburgh Review* has cultivated the historico-biographical essay in which Macaulay is supreme. It is a little unfortunate for Sir Spencer Walpole that there are points of resemblance between this book of his and Macaulay's Essays: both are the work of historians on the large scale; both have been collected chiefly from the *Edinburgh Review*. One cannot help thinking also of the points of difference; but to do Sir Spencer Walpole justice, if he falls short of Macaulay's merits he avoids some of his defects. Less brilliant, he is also less given to exaggeration. Less stimulating, he is also safer. The essays on Peel, Cobden, Disraeli, Bismarck, and Napoleon III.—five out of the nine in the volume—may be described from one point of view as by-products of the research which has gone to the making of "A History of England from 1815." In his preface the author lays it down that history may be written in two ways. The historian may describe the progress of events or he may deal with the influence of individual men. Sir Spencer Walpole has no such decided preference for the latter method as Carlyle had; in fact, he expressly dissents from the doctrine of hero-worship in so far as to say that even without Peel and Cobden the Corn Laws would eventually have been repealed. He admits, however, that the great man does count for something—Repeal would have been delayed for some, perhaps for a good many, years if Peel and Cobden had not ranged themselves on the side of reform. In his history he has dealt with the movements in which these men were protagonists; in these essays he deals with the men themselves.

The chief merits of Sir Spencer Walpole's monumental work, familiar to all serious students of the nineteenth century, for it covers ground that has not been so completely covered by any other writer, are accuracy and clearness. He is a trustworthy rather than a great historian. In these essays the same qualities are conspicuous. Facts have been verified with the greatest care. The writer is scrupulously conscientious in his suggestions. With him as a guide one feels that there is no fear of going far astray. That which is lacking is dramatic insight. Sir Spencer Walpole sets forth most competently the outward lives of the men of whom he writes. In the case of some of them that method is fairly adequate, but when the subject is such an one as Disraeli, who needs imagination for his interpretation more than any man of his century, it comes seriously short of achieving a satisfying portrait. Writing of Peel, Sir Spencer Walpole says: "The first duty of the statesman is of course to his country. But while party government exists it is not easy to separate a man's duty to his country from his duty to his friends." This is sound and safe doctrine, but it is not heroic, and it is hardly compatible with the enthusiasm which the sight of the statesman ready to sacrifice all for conscience' sake calls up in most men. But if Sir Spencer Walpole's habit of mind saves him from enthusiasm, it also saves him from exaggeration. Compare his treatment of Napoleon III. with Mr. Herbert Paul's in his "Modern History of England." To Mr. Paul the last Emperor of the French was a monster; but Sir Spencer Walpole is "far from regarding him as a bad man."

In the essays on Lord Dufferin and the Seventh Earl Shaftesbury, Sir Spencer evidently draws in some degree on his personal knowledge of the men. He praises Sir Alfred Lyall's Life of Lord Dufferin, but he points out that wherein to all who were brought into contact with Lord Dufferin it is deficient—its failure to do justice to the great ambassador's pre-eminent social qualities. The study of Lord Shaftesbury is appreciative despite the author's lack of sympathy with the "good Earl's" religious attitude. "Some decisive marriages of English history" brings some forgotten facts into relief. The best essay in the book is that on Gibbon, which does justice alike to Gibbon's unique individuality, to his merits as a historian, and to the majesty of his prose.

John MacArthur.

* "Studies in Biography." By Sir Spencer Walpole, author of "A History of England from 1815." 15s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE DAWN IN BRITAIN.*

The last two volumes of Mr. Doughty's epic poem take us from the capture of Camulodunum by the Emperor Claudius to the wasting of Mona by Agricola, the burning of Rome and the death of Caratacus in Italy, and Joseph of Arimathæa's vision of the great nation to rise from the mingling of Briton with Saxon. The poem is now complete in twenty-four books. Into these the poet has gathered all that is known or can be surmised, by means of history, archæology and folk-lore, of Britain and its people, from the dim days before Brennus took Rome, down to the introduction of Christianity into this island and the final failure of the islanders to make a nation without help from the continent. His learning is extraordinary, and that alone would make the book as important as, let us say, Stubbs's "Select Charters." I can easily imagine that it might be annotated in such a way as to make an incomparably equipped

* "The Dawn in Britain." By Charles M. Doughty. Vols. V. and VI. 9s. net. (Duckworth.)

history. Some day, no doubt, it will be so annotated. For the immense and long-continued effort of a great, original and strange intellect implied by the mere materials of the book cannot conceivably be allowed to disappear, even supposing that future generations decide against "The Dawn in Britain" as an epic poem.

For my part I know of no history with which the poem can be compared, except Livy's, in the great tract of time which it covers, in the degrees of light through which it passes out of the twilight into early day, in the diversity of the events which it describes, in the sense of a large, complex, unguided struggle towards a great end by which it delights and awes the mind. Livy has a great style, but so has Mr. Doughty. Livy has a Roman mind, but Mr. Doughty's is not less. Where Livy has at first sight a clear advantage is in the large, ample sweep of his narrative. There is nothing of the kind in Mr. Doughty, whose progress compared with the historian's is as a serpentine pack-road over difficult country compared with the Roman road out of Winchester northward. As far as its outward shape goes, the poem is more like the Hebrew Books of Kings or the Shahnahma of Firdausi. But then Livy was untroubled by all the recondite, never before related, science, with which Mr. Doughty has elected to work, and we may venture to think that only a stupid pedantry or a lifeless power of generalisation could have made a poem of this scope as simple as the "Odyssey"—and as unreadable as the "Henriade."

For its reception at the present day, Mr. Doughty has made a further difficulty by using a vocabulary and constructions of his own. We meet such words as caterf (Lat. *caterva*), bavin, crome, pilch, yex. We meet such sentences as:—

> "Careless of warfare, which, erewhile, with Romans;
> How may they only eat, seek dying Britons."

or as this beautiful one:—

> "And hearken, a far-off bray, ah, heavy note,
> If any feared to die, of Roman clarion!"

It is true also that sentences like this (a speech of Caratacus at Rome) abound:—

> "Romans! whilst I viewed, from hence,
> Your palaces, your gilded temple roofs,
> I marvelled, ye could covet our poor cotes!"

and that his style allows of a fine simplicity in touching a simple matter, as here:—

> "Grey deep, how wholesome, to a shipman's eye!
> And who is 'scaped, from ape-faced world, not joys
> Look forth, o'er thy vast wandering breast, abroad,
> From some lone cliff, and snuff up thy salt breath?
> Eternal flood! how thy waves' sullen sound,
> Doth seem, as mother's voice, to wakening child!"

But when I add that his blank verse has a hundred surprises for those who have scamped their Shakespeare and Milton and know nothing of Mr. Yeats or Mr. Sturge Moore, it will be clear that Mr. Doughty is not asking for a sixpenny edition within twelve months.

The result is that the reader's first hour with the poem is full of doubt and confusion and pain. Some have probably shut the book for ever after the first half hour. But are we quite sure that because "Endymion" and much of Browning and "The Ancient Mariner" and "Paradise Lost," not to speak of the poems of Donne, do not now appear to be in a foreign tongue, they never did appear so? When the style of a book by a manifestly big man offends us it is worth while to ask some such question. Also, the present reviewer, a hurried man, with little scholarship, has found that in an hour or two the difficulty of the style disappeared, and its wonderful brevity, precision, consistency and power emerged without a cloud. Of course it does remain a subject for speculation: whether an entirely great man would hamper himself with a vocabulary and an eccentricity of construction so much outside the tradition of English poetry. And yet is it not idle speculation, since the result achieved by this style is prodigious?

What that result is I have tried to suggest in reviewing an earlier portion of the poem, of which these last eight books are worthy in every way. Above all things, the book does reincarnate and reinspire the ancient life that was once lived in this land. It is not necessary to be able to say that probably the Britons who fought under Caratacus or Boadicea did thus live: nor is it relevant to say that our knowledge of ancient weapons, burials and so on is inexact and incomplete. The point is that in these pages glorious men and women do live a credible noble life, in a land of which the poet depicts the outward features with a sense of the beautiful and the majestic "too deep for tears." These tall, beautiful young princes charioted behind white horses, these rugged melancholy kings debating the fate of the country before the Roman invaders, these fair, straight women suckling heroes or weeping over their corpses, these ravens croaking and sweet-voiced skylarks carolling over the still battle-field in the bloody dawn—these things move us as nothing but great poetry or a private joy or grief can move a man, and they leave the heart uplifted and the mind glowing with a vision of the dawn such as no other book can give. In short, I cannot understand how a man can read this poem (with the patience which a work of this magnitude demands) and see the author's strength and vivacity in battle, his pity—in which no English poet except Shakespeare equals him—and his lofty and melting tenderness, his equality and sympathy with the heroes whom he paints, his enjoyment of great adventures and, no less, of little household things, his power of rendering the action of men and the sleep of landscapes—I cannot understand how a man can see these things, as he must if he reads every line of the poem, without admitting that only the great poets have produced similar effects. E. T.

LAND TRAVEL IN THE LATE MIDDLE AGES.*

The appearance of the third (and massive) volume of Mr. Beazley's "Dawn of Modern Geography" marks the realisation of an ambition that may be not incorrectly described as that of half a lifetime. From his schooldays at St. Paul's, Mr. Beazley showed a strong predilection for the outlying, more or less exotic, portions of history. Within the comparatively narrow range of a schoolboy's reading his favourite historians, apart from Norse or Celtic legend, were characteristically Prescott, Motley, and Helps. But his conception of the romance of travel and the mystery of the early explorers was not to be satisfied with the thrice-told tales of Cortes and Columbus. The attempts on India and the shadowy isle of Zipungu, glittering with gold and pearls, the primitive daring of mariners who "sailed away for a year and a day" westward or southward over seas reported black or viscous with unknown perils of monsters and typhoons—such conceptions were to him the staple of an unwritten romance in which, at the outset, the Cabots, Diaz, and Prince Henry the Navigator formed the principal actors. To chronicle the first stirrings of this energy and daring which pointed the way to that "physical expansion of the universe" of which J. R. Green speaks so eloquently—this was already the ardent wish of our present historiographer of earth-knowledge, and his fellowship at Merton once gained, Mr. Beazley started at once upon a scheme of travel in the near East (East Africa, Syria, and Ukraine) which would serve as an index map to his proximate labours, and afford some perspective to a view of the labours of the heroic age of exploration. The early maps and lingering Ptolemaic traditions, early medieval missionary travel, the search for *Ultima Thule* and the isles of the Blessed, the Crusades as an exploring agency, the Norse discovery of Vinland, Marco Polo and his rivals, Ibn Batuta and other great Moslem explorers—such were the subjects that in his Balliol days had already begun to obsess his imagination. The history of Prince Henry of Portugal—the moving tale of his school of navigators and the way in which, point by point and cape by cape, they bent their course southwards until they reached the famous Cape of Storms itself—proved to be the threshold merely of a still more vivid and still more fascinating field of exploration. Three large volumes proved necessary to bridge the darkling gulf between the old classical geography and the new oceanic discoveries of the last two-thirds of the fifteenth

* "The Dawn of Modern Geography." Vol. III. (Exploration and Geographical Science from 1260 to 1420.) By C. Raymond Beazley. With maps. (Clarendon Press.)

century, the first chapter of which opened with the exploits of Prince Henry. Volume one appeared in 1897, volume two in 1901. The third volume, with the index to the whole work, representing the conclusion of twelve years of specialised investigation and the personal inspection of all the great map archives in Europe (notably those at the British Museum, Paris, the two great libraries at Florence, Rome, and Venice), is now before us. The book may be regarded from one point of view as a complement to that of the famous comparative geographer of the eighteenth century, William Vincent, headmaster, and eventually Dean of Westminster, whose great work upon the "Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients" appeared in its final form in 1807, and was recognised in Europe by a Napoleonic order for its immediate translation. The present work in its entirety deals with the history of geography and exploration, roughly from 400 to 1400 A.D.: in other words, during the whole of and rather more than the twilight ages. The present volume (III.) is mainly concerned with the great overland trade routes of the Polos and their competitors, the revelation to the Occidental world of Kublai Khan and his treasure city of Xanadu (Shangtu), the outer zones and cycles of Cathay, the marvels of printing, coal-working, and navigation as practised in the Flowery Land, the wonders of Malabar, Coromandel, and Ceylon, the most picturesque, if not very appetising, portraits of those "horse-belching Tartars," whom Charles Lamb regarded with such humorous aversion, the invention of sailing maps, the fictitious travel-tales of the notorious Wallcon "Beardie" (John à Barbe), the self-styled Mandeville and deceptive "father of English prose," and much new detail of the Nearer East from Ormuz to Trebizond. In its out-of-the-way learning and discreetly Latin footnotes the volume is suggestive, in its prime portions and passages, now of Burton and now of Gibbon. It is not, we need hardly warn our readers, a substitute for Loti or Livingstone, still less for Thomas Cook. It is essentially a book of learning and of research, the results of which are frequently very severely condensed. But for those who like costly, protracted, and at times rather ponderous research, for those who enjoy or, it may be, even revel in arduous scholarship, freighted with footnotes in a learned language, with elaborate appendices, and mighty exotic bibliographies, among which an English book is a strange phenomenon, we can recommend the "Dawn of Modern Geography" as an erudite tome of supreme attraction for the winter hearth and the midnight lamp. S.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL.*

Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's new novel is one of those books which are entertaining, in part because they are so intensely provocative. Probably this is not the chief secret of her charm and of her very wide reputation. Much, moreover, that seems rather odd and is unpleasantly novel to an Englishman is simply what is expected of her by her own countrymen, and the more welcome for that.

There are so many windmills in the volume one burns to be tilting at, that one scarcely knows where to begin. Consider, for instance, "By the Light of the Soul" merely as regards its main episode, its clue, and how very disputable a book it proves on that alone. This episode is the marriage of Maria and Wollaston Lee. They have been sweethearts almost since the days that both went frocked, and are still schoolfellows when Maria's step-sister (a delightful little girl with "a fluff of golden hair" on one page, and "a black fleece of hair fluffing around her face" on another) takes it into her head to see the world, and climbs forthwith into a car bound from Edgham for New York. She is, of course, lost, like many another dainty Evelyn of fiction. And Maria, with Wollaston and Gladys (a "poor-white" child—a phrase that rings almost as forlorn as that of our own "black-country") set out heroically, in gathering darkness, to find her. They search in the din and flare and multitudes of the city in vain, and until it is too late, as they suppose, to return home that night. Then suddenly the horror of the unconventionality of the situation overwhelms the weary trio. A young clergyman, by some diabolical mischance passing at the moment, overhears Agnes's shrill upbraidings, and concludes that Wollaston is abducting "the little slender, trembling girl" Maria. Filled with professional indignation, he drags them into his house and before two sleepy witnesses; marries them, wildly protesting, then and there; and, after an amiable offer of stale wedding cake and coffee, dismisses them into the din and darkness whence they came. This, then, is our Cousins' romantic substitute for the old country's Gretna Green. Maria is a wife from that night onward, and Wollaston is her husband. Only the vile publicity of a divorce can put asunder what the State marriage laws and this ineffable young clergyman have joined together. No banns, no license, no fee, no register are mentioned, book, bell, nor candle, not even a ring. Indeed it appears that not so much as an "I will" is necessary, for "Wollaston was afterwards quite positive that Gladys Mann (the 'poor-white') answered nearly all the clergyman's questions."

It is scarcely conceivable as fact; it is very provoking fiction.

Here, then, is Maria, of a deep and beautiful nature, with all her childish dreams dispelled, bent only on concealing this atrocity. Self-sacrifice seems the only way out of every palliating circumstance that ensues. She surrenders George to Lily. Perhaps it is not of necessity a tragedy to surrender a George. But while Evelyn is scarcely more than a child, Maria, after conveniently falling in love again with Wollaston, surrenders her husband too, partly lest her spirituelle half-sister should succumb under her passion for this handsome Principal of an Academy, and partly because a strong husband is best suited with a weak wife. Maria reasons it out. With all this behind him, how can the distressed reader welcome warmly and amazedly enough the charming little hunchback, Miss Rosa Blair? In the twinkling of an eye, in one brief car-journey, she pierces through Maria's perplexities, wafts her home to a veritable fairy-house (with two elevators) in New York; adopts her, kills her off in an obsequious press; runs away with her the day after the morrow to Europe and restores her to temporary peace of mind.

Here, then, in New Jersey reappears our own old homely English kitchen. Here is Cinderella, mis-christen her how you may. And here is the immortal godmother with pumpkin coach and glass slipper. Such an end is simply irresistible. But for the rest, characters clever and tiresome come and go; they might, it seems, for ever; "girlish" incidents and sentiment ("maiden bed" and "elderly blush") abound. Tears enough are shed to stir Jane Austen: millinery—"suits" and "waists" and "quilted petticoats," satin, gingham, cashmere, silk—on and on; births, deaths, and marriages, an extraordinary hint of poetry here and there, and a very distinct aroma of Tolstoi.

Is naïveté the secret; or is it the gradual ennui of a too-industrious pen? "Stout elderly woman as Aunt Maria was," says p. 40; "the contact of Aunt Maria's thin body," echoes p. 48; which is that?

Precisely the same want of concentration, of alertness is evident again and again in the style.

"It is frequently a chain of sequences whose beginnings are lost in obscurity which lead to events."

"Her articulations and bones were so fairy-like and delicate that even with her transparent sleeved and necked dress there were no unseemly protuberances."

"'It is only I and Evelyn,' replied Maria."

"'Your father's sicker than he lets on.'"

It would be old-fashioned to sigh over "to enthuse." "to *smell of* a nosegay." "to sense"; but they would be neologisms had they emanated from the Ark.

But these are insignificant blemishes in a writer who can extemporarily create Miss Rosa Blair and her marvels, yet sits her readers down to "a little supper of sardines and crackers," "hot beef-stew, chocolate, and lemon-cake," "a fragrant odour of warming potatoes," and "slabs of layer-cake." It brings to memory an old family friend of thirty years ago, whose transcendental diet was said to be cheese, pears, and gin.

It is the critic's last windmill. For, after all, when he remembers the vivacity, the clever and tender character sketches, the scattered and isolated glimpses of beauty in the book, there comes to mind the author's own remark, after Maria had torn down a strip of the odious, shimmering wall-paper just hung in her new step-mother's bedroom—he feels very wicked, but he feels better. WALTER DE LA MARE.

* "By the Light of the Soul." By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. 6s. (Harpers Bros.)

A NEW "BATTLE OF DORKING."*

It is not unnatural that those who have some acquaintance with history (and warfare supplies most of the material for history) should have had their hearts severely searched by Mr. Balfour's confident assertion that no foreign nation could collect enough shipping to convey an invading army to our shores. The subsequent reduction of our sea and land forces, as decreed by the present Government, must have quickened the anxiety of these persons, and among other forms in which this anxiety is finding expression is that of imaginative literature. General Chesney's "Battle of Dorking" remains the most notable example of this class of writing; and it will be remembered that the scene of that vivid narrative was laid upon the same long breastwork of Surrey downland, stretching from Guildford to Caterham, as "General Staff" has chosen for the chief crisis in "The Writing on the Wall." Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, for, assuming, as both writers do, an enemy to have effected a landing on the coast anywhere between Portsmouth and Eastbourne, it is on these downs, where the long chalk breastwork rises above the greensand and wealden clay, that he must be opposed to most advantage in his march upon the capital.

Si vis pacem, para bellum! is the admonition which "General Staff" desires to convey; but its force is greatly weakened, if not destroyed, by the naïveté with which he has arranged a combination of circumstances favourable to the enemy, some of them likely enough to occur singly, others extremely unlikely to do so, and the whole forming a sequence so nearly beyond the bounds of possibility that no Government would be justified in laying on the people the burden of preparation against them. As the book makes no pretence to literary merit (eight pages are filled with a reprint of Count Hirosawa's letter to the *Standard*, and fourteen more with that of an article by the military correspondent of the *Times*), one need only take into account the verisimilitude of the imaginary events described.

The narrative professes to consist of chapters taken from McLeod's "History of England," published in 1915, dealing with what took place in the summer of 1908: but the illusion fails of effect, because not a single General or Minister, British or German, is mentioned by name, real or fictitious, from first to last. Europe is supposed to be enjoying profound peace, although "affairs in the Far East had for some time given great cause for anxiety." A grand naval review had been fixed to take place in Portsmouth Roads on 1st June. On 31st May "a very disquieting dispatch" from Berlin had been received at the Foreign Office, and on that very evening a torpedo flotilla dashed in among the British fleet and disabled three-quarters of the finest men-of-war. At the same time, exit from Portsmouth harbour was blocked by sinking two ironclads of an obsolete type at points most carefully chosen. Formal declaration of war by Germany followed next day, and on June 2nd the rest of the British fleet, summoned from Rosyth, was destroyed at sea by a German squadron.

"On the news of the great German sea-victory, the shipping of ammunition and of seven days' supplies was completed, and by the evening of June 4 ten army corps, but without horses, vehicle or artillery of any description, were embarked. The most bulky part of the stores consisted of cases containing bicycles for some 50 per cent. of the total force.

On Whit Monday, 8th June, the English morning papers announced that these ten army corps had been successfully landed at twelve or fifteen places on the south, south-east, and east coasts. The weather was perfect and the sea calm, the invaders encountering no difficulty, except at Bognor and Littlehampton, where a brace of torpedo boats knocked about the transports. Here, then, was a hostile force of 300,000 infantry upon British soil, without a gun, a horse, or a waggon, but with 150,000 bicycles. We are told that the regular forces in Great Britain amounted, with the reserves which had been called out, to 152,000 of all arms, besides 25,000 Imperial Yeomanry, 140,000 militia, and 344,000 volunteers. It might be expected that, a full week after the declaration of war, these would have been able to give a good account of the foreigners, who had left behind, not only their artillery, but their engineers' tools. But no: the Council of Defence is represented as engaged in a wrangle on the morning of 8th June about who was to take the chief command. Nothing had been done to concentrate the troops scattered over the country; the enemy easily overcame the local units, militia and volunteer battalions, which attempted to defend the sea-coast towns, and the 50,000 cyclists spread unmolested through the country, collecting supplies and seizing horses and transport. The King, it is said, redeemed the administrative paralysis by summoning a Cabinet Council and appointing a Commander-in-chief; but not a man or a gun was moved from the Midlands or the North of England until the evening of the 8th, sixteen hours after the enemy had landed 300,000 men. The cavalry regiments had been brought up to considerably over-strength by the reserve men, but these, we are assured, "were of little use, as there were no horses to mount more than the exact establishment"; nevertheless the invaders found no difficulty in securing plenty of horses, Brighton alone supplying 18,000, besides plenty of cabs, carriages, and waggons for transport.

And so the story proceeds with wearisome uniformity. The British commit every conceivable blunder: the Germans never make a mistake. The British troops are chiefly raw boys, unfit for a good day's work: "the Germans were all men in the prime of life and in hard condition." When the British army at length took up its position on the Guildford to Caterham line, they had no entrenching tools.

"Farm tools were used as far as possible, but steam-ploughs, etc., have rendered picks, spades and shovels comparatively few and far between."

Really, "General Staff" draws heavily upon the credulity of his readers! A few picks and spades might surely have been supplied from the railway depôts at Reigate, Dorking, and Guildford, not to mention London, five-and-twenty miles in rear of the position.

The weather, which had been all that the invaders could desire for their landing, suddenly changed on the evening of the 8th, and a terrific storm of wind and rain burst upon both armies, as detrimental, it might be supposed, to one as to the other. Not at all. The Germans carried *tentes d'abri*, and lay snug and warm, while the British troops, bivouacking on the heights, were soaked and dispirited.

"Early on the morning of the 10th the attack commenced. The storm had not abated, and a strong south-westerly wind, accompanied by hail, blew into the eyes of the defenders looking south."

Their eyes, indeed, appear to have been of little use to them in any weather; for, although the army had been in position for some days, no attempt had been made to find and mark the ranges on the line of expected attack. It is incredible that such a precaution should have been neglected, and to represent the British general and his staff as a set of indolent noodles is to deprive the narrative of all verisimilitude and the readers of patience in following the details of the battle. Suffice it to say that the British line was easily pierced in three places, the guns captured and turned upon the defenders, and by 9 a.m. the enemy was virtually in possession of the whole position. A large body of all arms held in reserve on the river Darent, finding their right flank threatened, bolted *en masse*. "The whole country between Dartford, Shoreham, Caterham, and Dorking was covered with panic-stricken men pouring towards London and absolutely disorganised." The commander of the Aldershot Army Corps, which had successfully held the line from Dorking to Guildford, "seeing that the situation was lost," ordered a retreat upon Reading, so that a column hurrying up from Salisbury were stopped by German cyclists between Petersfield and Farnham, and, it appears, laid down their arms. The Eastern counties column fared no better, being badly defeated, and the ten German army corps rapidly converged upon London, but slightly embarrassed by 60,000 prisoners whom they had captured.

"At noon on the 12th, 4,000 cyclists from Sutton and the same number from Kingston, advanced on London with all due military precautions. Orders had been given that opposition to their advance could only cause unnecessary bloodshed, and they reached the neighbourhood of the city without opposition. Arrived there, they proceeded to surround that piece of London enclosed between the following streets: Cheapside, King William Street, Cannon Street, St. Paul's Churchyard."

* "The Writing on the Wall." By "General Staff." (William Heinemann.)

The inhabitants were warned out of this enclave, but forbidden to remove any valuables, and the whole of that part of London was destroyed by fire. The German Commander then sent a flag of truce to the Prime Minister, threatening to treat the rest of London in like manner unless, within twenty-four hours, he consented to pay an indemnity of £500,000,000, and to maintain strict neutrality in Continental affairs for one year. Five hundred leading Englishmen were demanded as hostages for the payment of the indemnity. The Prime Minister, poor man, consented, for although "the English fleet had in the meantime returned [whence?] and gained supremacy of the European seas, this in no way affected the fact that London was held by a perfectly disciplined army, over 250,000 strong, which had the heart of the British Empire in its power."

After these volcanic occurrences, it does not surprise us to learn that Germany proceeded to swallow France, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, and a large slice of Austria, which empire happened to be in a state of disintegration owing to the death of its aged Emperor, Great Britain being safely gagged and bound by the treaty of neutrality forced upon her as part of the price of peace.

"General Staff," if he is professionally entitled to the pseudonym, must be endeavouring to rouse the public to a sense of the terrible demoralisation and neglect of duty which he has observed in all ranks of the army. He draws a parallel between Great Britain as she is and Prussia as she was in 1806, foreshadows for the United Kingdom disasters similar to those which laid Germany under the heel of Napoleon, and suggests as a cause "the frivolity, egotism, and self-indulgence of the governing classes on the one hand, and the idleness and materialistic brutishness of the lower orders on the other." These may have been contributory causes, but "General Staff's" interpretation of Prussian history must be received with caution. "The Hohenzollern incident," says he, "was by Bismarck made an excuse for waging war against France at a time when Germany was absolutely ready." Then has Napoleon III. been cruelly misrepresented, for the common judgment of Europe pronounced him and his government the undoubted aggressors in 1870.

Anyhow, the French when invaded made a good fight of it, raising army after army to replace those destroyed by the superior troops of the enemy. But in this book the British are depicted as incapable not only of making a decent stand at the outset, but of attempting any resistance after the initial defeat. More than that, their officers are shown to have been destitute of acquaintance with the commonest duties of a campaign and devoid of the most obvious resources in opposing the enemy's advance. For instance, half the German army was mounted on bicycles, which accounted for the extraordinary celerity with which they were able to secure transport and supplies, and also to outflank every body of troops which they encountered. Bicycles can only travel along roads, and in a country so heavily wooded as that which they traversed in their advance, all the roads might have been blocked in a few hours. Yet from first to last there is no mention of *abattis* having been formed. They might not have stopped the advance, but they would have delayed it materially, and time was everything to 300,000 infantry, without guns, in an enemy's country.

Despite the defects and glaring improbability of the author's forecast of the course of invasion, we are far from saying that its perusal is wholly unprofitable. Here and there are passages which deserve attention, touching upon sources of undoubted weakness in our military system. One cannot but recognise a momentous truth in the following paragraph:—

> "A long period of peace, as far as a really great war was concerned, had made our moral muscles grow slack . . . . The howl that took place at Lord Methuen's early battles in the Boer war, in which he boldly attacked an enemy armed with a modern rifle, will not easily be forgotten. . . . A long peace and over-civilisation had resulted in an exaggerated value being placed upon human life."

Herein lay the secret of the undue protraction of the South African war. Our generals were afraid of the people at home if, in making an omelette, they broke the necessary eggs. Again, assuming a foreign army to have been successfully landed on our southern coast, all probabilities point to a critical action being fought on the downs between Guildford and Caterham. "General Staff" describes the difficulty of forming effective entrenchments on the convex surface of these downs and the conspicuous mark offered to the enemy by the freshly-turned chalk. A cheap and, in certain events, useful precaution against invasion might be taken by throwing up earthworks along this natural line of inner defence, and concealing their position by covering the outer slopes with vegetation.

Nothing that has been said is intended to discourage soldiers and civilians from looking ahead and devising timely preparation. Lord Mahon relates how, when he was driving one day in the country with the Duke of Wellington, he asked him what he was thinking about so intently. "I am trying to imagine what is on the far side of that hill we are coming to," was the reply. "I make a habit of doing so." It is an excellent habit for civilians as well as soldiers, and the care bestowed upon his picture by "General Staff" deserves recognition. To secure its desired effect he should have depicted his characters as more closely resembling average human beings and been more sparing in his employment of the marvellous.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.*

It would seem that nowadays no man is too good and no woman too bad to escape the laborious enthusiasm of the biographer, and one is tempted to fancy that the popularity of *chroniques scandaleuses*, of biographies of the notoriously frail, is only a natural reaction from the multiplication of chronicles of unimpeachable but monotonous virtue. From the merely literary point of view, the necessity for a life of the late Duke of Cambridge is not obvious. The Duke was deservedly popular and widely esteemed for his goodness of heart and conscientious devotion to his public duties; but he was in no sense a remarkable man. No doubt that was in part the secret of his popularity, for the average Englishman appreciates a man whom he can understand, who will neither surprise nor disappoint. The Kaiser's ideal of summing up in his own person the manifold aims and activities of a great people does not appeal to the English imagination, or want of it. The Englishman likes his royalties made in his own image, and the Duke of Cambridge, though born in Hanover, was indisputably English. He resembled a gilt-edged security, and if the dividend was never very high, it was at least punctually paid.

If we admit, as we must, that a biography was inevitable, it could hardly have been entrusted to better hands than Mr. Sheppard's. As Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, he knew the Duke intimately for many years, while his position gave him access not only to the Court and the FitzGeorge family, but to much royal correspondence. From boyhood the Duke had kept a diary, at first as a duty at the suggestion of his tutor, and afterwards for pleasure. It is an artless journal, absolutely free from any trace of self-consciousness, and written without the least thought that it would ever be read by others. As Mr. Sheppard says with truth, "as an autobiography, the diary may be said to win its chiefest merit from the complete absence of self-consciousness which it displays in every line. Tricked out with no literary artifices and pseudo-philosophical reflections, it is the simple record of a strenuous life spent in the service of the country." Mr. Sheppard has modestly confined his own work to editing this journal and filling up gaps in the narrative. The work has been done with great care and discretion, and there are no unnecessary notes or interpolations. No editor could have kept himself more assiduously in the background, but Mr. Sheppard might well have been more drastic in his omissions. The military career of the Duke of Cambridge has already been adequately treated by Colonel Verner. The fable of the Sibylline books is peculiarly applicable to biographers, for a one-volume biography (Boswell always excepted) is at least twice as valuable as one in two volumes. In his desire to give a complete record of a crowded, if somewhat uneventful career, Mr. Sheppard has forgotten that it is vastly more important that we should know what manner of man the Duke was than what he did.

Mr. Sheppard has only one other fault as a biographer, his impenetrable discretion, which has precluded him from

* "H.R.H. George, Duke of Cambridge." A Memoir. By Edgar Sheppard, C.V.O., D.D. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Longmans.)

giving more than the very briefest account of the one sensational event in the Duke's life, his marriage to the beautiful actress, Miss Fairbrother. It is, however, clear that this was not the result of any passing infatuation, but a deliberate step in accordance with the view which the Duke held very strongly (as indeed he held all his views), that every man should marry for love. The marriage could, of course, never be formally recognised, and the Duke's domestic life was necessarily a thing apart; but Mr. Sheppard tells us enough to show that the union was marked by the intensest devotion on both sides, and the pathetic references to his loss after fifty years of married life attest the depth of the Duke's love for Mrs. FitzGeorge. After the death of his wife, the greatest sorrow of the Duke's later years was his enforced severance from the Army, the full story of which is given by Colonel Verner. Here we have only space to note with pleasure the frank admission that "Mr. C.-B. was most amiable in all he said." Mr. Sheppard has been fortunate, too, in being allowed to print some interesting letters of Queen Victoria, all of which show (like the rest of the book) that royal personages are, after all, very human and much like the rest of the world.

L. G. BROCK.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ALCOHOLISM.*

Alcohol is probably as old as man, alcoholism as old as alcohol; and the psychology of alcoholism, though a modern science, is an ancient study. Anacreon, Theocritus, Homer, Aeschylus, Aristophanes, Horace, and many of the ancient writers are full of aphorisms, and saws describing the psychology of alcohol as conceived by the unscientific observer. "To drink is evil," avers Aristophanes, "for from wine arises breaking of doors, blows, stoning, and the money that must be paid down when the headache's past."

"'By wine made bold,' says Homer,
'Often to singing even the wise will fall,
Light laughter and the dance, nor can withhold
Word that in sooth were better far untold.'"

And again and again do the ancients insist on the loose tongue of the wine-bibber. Alcaeus speaks of wine as a spy-glass διόπτρον through which we may see a man. Plutarch remarks that what is in the heart of a sober man is on the tongue of a drunkard. The wisdom of moderation in wine is often preached, and the saying of Theognis, "Wine in excess is bad, but when drunk with prudence 'tis no evil but a blessing," may be taken as representative of the public opinion of the day.

Modern literature is likewise full of references to the psychology of alcoholism.

Byron's "Man being reasonable must get drunk:
The best of life is but intoxication."
Luther's "Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang."
Schiller's "Der wein erfindet nichts, erschwätzt's nur aus."
Kipling's "The English were too drunk to know,
The Irish didn't care."
Leland's "Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
Some works philosophie,
Der Breitman solfe de infinide,
Ash von eternal shpree."
Père Sirmond's "If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink—
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by-and-by,
Or any other reason why."
(Aldrich's Translation.)

These and a hundred other passages shed interesting psychological sidelights on the subject, all the more illuminating because indirect.

But scientific and popular psychology are different things, and in his excellent and exhaustive treatise, Mr. Cutten discusses the subject as a man of science. He commences with a chapter on the physiological aspect of the question, and shows how alcohol produces degenerate changes in the nervous system affecting both the higher centres of the brain and the spinal cord, how the vascular system is damaged, and how the nutritive qualities of the blood are impaired. He then discusses the effects of alcohol on the mental, moral, and imaginative faculties, and on the emotions and the will, and shows that the effects are entirely pernicious. Mr. Cutten is no believer, like Theognis, in moderate drinking. He maintains with Gustafson that "the highest possible perfection of the nervous system is only possible with strict abstinence," and he declares that "high, virile thinking, and keen, unfaltering judgment cannot be the product of a mind which is dependent on an alcoholised brain." He quotes the testimony of Helmholtz, who said that the smallest quantity of alcohol sufficed to dispel from his mind every idea of the creative order when he was trying to give form and being to some dimly-seen conception. Though Mr. Cutten's antagonism to alcohol is uncompromising, it is not reckless: his figures and statistics are convincing: his experimental method is scientific, and his conclusions seem quite inevitable. The last chapters deal with the causal relationship between drink and insanity, and discuss in an interesting way religious conversion and hypnotism as cures for drunkenness.

Mr. Cutten might have discussed at greater length Dr. Archdall Reid's position with regard to alcohol as a factor in evolution, and he has failed to notice the interesting observation made by Metchnikoff that alcohol paralyses the white blood corpuscles, and thus permits the invasion of microbes; but his clearly conceived and carefully written book covers much ground, and is undoubtedly a valuable contribution to the study of alcoholism.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

* "The Psychology of Alcoholism." By George B. Cutten. 5s. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.)

THE POETRY OF THE HUNGARIANS.*

Few English people know the treasures of poetry contained in Hungarian literature. The language is not easy to learn and is rarely studied, and although from time to time an isolated student here or in America sets himself to the task of translation, the result is seldom satisfactory. The excellent, clear and attractive account of the literature of Hungary contained in Professor Riedl's volume should do much to spread the knowledge of a body of fine lyric poetry.

The manuscript was commissioned by the Hungarian Academy and presented as a gift to the series of which it forms a part. Thus it has been written entirely for the English public, and has never appeared in Hungarian.

Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those that deal with the triumvirate of great lyric poets, Vörösmarty, Petöfi, and Arany. As it is not possible in a short space to criticise the work of these men, let us give a taste of their quality in quoting a charming little peasant song by Petöfi, delightfully translated by Mr. C. Hagberg Wright. Nearly all Petöfi's songs make us the witnesses of some little drama.

"The cottage door stood open wide,
To light my pipe I stepped inside;
But, oh! behold, my pipe was lit,
There was indeed a glow in it.

But since my pipe was all aglow
With other thoughts inside I go,
A gentle, winning maiden fair,
That I perchance saw sitting there.

Upon her wonted task intent,
To stir the fire aflame, she bent;
But oh! dear heart, her eyes so bright,
Were radiant with more brilliant light.

She looked at me as in I passed,
Some spell she must have o'er me cast;
My burning pipe went out, but oh!
My sleeping heart was all aglow."

Madách's dramatic poem, "The Tragedy of Man," published in 1861, is an extraordinary piece of work. There is no English translation beyond the extracts printed in this volume, but they are sufficient to make us desire a full translation. The poet has chosen as the subject of his theme the whole of mankind. His hero is Adam, who in a succession of visions evoked by Lucifer beholds scene after scene of the world's future, himself taking an active part in each. It is all the grimmest of grim tragedy, but Adam is saved from self-destruction by the revelation of Eve's secret—she is to become a mother. The drama ends with God's bidding, "Strive and trust."

A word must be said of the excellence of the translation. Thanks to the skill of Mr. and Mrs. Ginever, it reads most smoothly, and has none of the awkwardnesses due to the ignorance of the translator of his own and the foreign tongue

* "A History of Hungarian Literature." By Frederick Riedl, Ph.D., Professor of Hungarian Literature in the University of Budapest. "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World." Edited by Edmund Gosse, LL.D. 6s. (Heinemann.)

that unhappily distinguish most of the translations made in England, a land where the art is now held in high contempt. In the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, nay, even in the "rational" eighteenth century, the case was very different.

ELIZABETH LEE.

Novel Notes.

SPRINGTIME. By H. C. Bailey. Price 6s. (John Murray.)

The seed sown by Mr. Maurice Hewlett is being widely cultivated still by some novelists. They raise a flower which, if not equal to the colour and scent of "The Forest Lovers," is of the same family. This Italian romance belongs to the Hewlett garden, but the author has worked his plot with his own hands, his spade of style is not carved intricately, and the result is a decidedly brisk, changeful tale of mediæval love and war, which is intensely readable. Squarcia and Cecilia fall into one another's arms before the book is done, or rather as it ends. The six other lovers pair off previously. Yet this does not occur before blood has been spilt, heads and hearts broken, and lives twisted by intrigue, in the approved fashion of such tales. The brigand Squarcia and the aristocratic Liarardo are, on the whole, the most active and attractive male figures in the story, whose title expresses the plot and spirit very aptly. "Even as passion drives a man to deeds worthy of Heaven or Hell, so this spirit of the world's springtime made heroes and monsters too, and some were drunk with it, and mad for a while, and some fell sick of self-concern, and some loved most nobly—but all lived every moment of their lives." And Mr. Bailey's story also lives in every page of its rapid, flashing course. The villain is a trifle tame on paper. But there is vitality in the figures of the scholarly soldiers and of the monkish Francesco.

THE LOST WORD. By Evelyn Underhill. Price 6s. (Heinemann.)

This may be described as a study of the mythic side or religious aspect of masonry, the story of an Anglican dean's son, whose boyish heart is caught by the symbolism and mysterious romance of a cathedral. But Paul Vickery, like John Inglesant, has to learn that the spirit is mated to the flesh, in this world of men and things. His relations with Catherine Alstone form the touchstone of his character and hers. A ferment is set up. Passion claims its rights, and an over-trained mysticism distorts the claim, to the trouble and pain of the man's soul, and of the woman's. Miss Underhill describes all this agitation in the two with considerable insight; she writes with shrewdness as well as fervour, and she has happily thrown the enthusiast of her book into relief against one or two Pharisees, in Matthew Arnold's sense of the term, and others. But the philosophising, to speak frankly, is rather overdone. It takes even M. Huysman all his time to make the didactic symbolism of architecture convincing to the ordinary mind. Miss Underhill has bravely carried through her idea. She has brought thought and observation to the task. But, with every desire to be sympathetic, one feels that the religious, or rather æsthetic idealism is overdone at times. It is obtrusive, which is an artistic blot upon a good book; and it is too often expressed in sentimental hieroglyphics, which he who runs—and all novel-readers run—has seldom time to stop and decipher. The most enjoyable parts of the book are the description of Paul's intellectual moulting and the scattered reflections.

GOD'S OUTPOST. By Cullen Gouldsbury. 6s. (Nash.)

Here in England, with the exploits of colonial regiments and footballers fresh in our minds, we naturally think of colonial life as something especially bountiful, brave and free; and it is, therefore, with a shock of disillusionment that we find colonial fiction—the real thing—occupied with meanness, backbiting, sordid struggles and slow, grimy tragedy, at least as much as, if not more than, our home-made article. The possible freedom of those wild, sparsely-populated territories does but throw the petty actuality into greater prominence. Mr. Gouldsbury is evidently a Rhodesian, or else extremely well acquainted with the inside life of the country. "God's Outpost" may remind some readers of that other novel in which vast spaces contrast with cribbed lives—"The Story of a South African Farm." But in reality the difference between them is considerable; for the tragedy of the South African farm was born of it, whereas two out of the three interwoven tragedies of "God's Outpost" were, so to speak, exported from England, and merely wrought up to a higher pitch by the isolation of their South African environment. Briefly put: John Barrow, a young priest, goes out to take charge of a Roman Catholic mission. Daphne Wrenham, a rather too pious girl, goes out on the same ship to take charge of her brother's house and mend her brother's non-religious life. The brother loves the wife of a drunken neighbour. The priest is fallen in love with—if we may so put it—by a converted native girl, and he and Daphne fall in love with one another. In the end, charity and poetic justice are alike satisfied by the substitution of spiritual gain for earthly loss. Mr. Gouldsbury writes with a vigour which sometimes oversteps the boundary between tragedy and pathos on the one side, and melodrama on the other, thereby destroying in part the illusion he has been at pains to create. A little more reticence, a slightly less lurid atmosphere, would have greatly improved the book as a study of character. So far as plot is in question, the story moves swiftly and directly, and the handling of it is undoubtedly skilful. First-hand views on missionary methods and the colour problem are very clearly and forcibly expressed by some of the characters, and implied by the author himself in some entertaining satire. This ingredient will, we imagine, be to many readers the most attractive part of a novel which is nowise lacking in point.

CHARLES EDWARD. By Harrison G. Rhodes Price 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Let no reader imagine he is to find a Jacobite romance within these vivacious pages. Mr. Rhodes's world is of to-day, not of the eighteenth century, as is at once evident from the illustrations, in which two types predominate, the clean-shaven picturesque American youth of the intense visage, and the tall lady of the languid, insolent eyes and the up-tilted chin, whose billowy laces suggest the presence of an invisible air-fan. Mr. Rhodes has attempted to depict a Trans-Atlantic Prince Florizel, after Stevenson's model; but the adventures of Mr. Charles Edward Austin are usually whimsical without touching the deeper things which made his predecessor's sketches so convincing and permanent. This Prince Florizel, by the way, has a wife, with all her husband's turn for romantic enterprises. But even she lacks interest, till near the end of the book. The various adventures of the pair, who play the good Samaritan in different fields, are sprightly reading, however, and the main weakness of the book is not so much its lack of unity as the author's failure to appreciate thoroughly what Tennyson meant when he warned Lilian that gaiety without eclipse was wearisome. Stevenson understood that, in his tales of modern fantasy. Mr. Rhodes would have done better to understand it too.

A BLIND BIRD'S NEST. By Mary Findlater. Price 6s. (Methuen.)

Miss Findlater has set herself to the difficult task of drawing the character of a child under a cloud. Agnes Sorel's mother died when she was born, and her father is in prison for having shot the lover of his sister-in-law, a flighty, shallow creature, who contributes to depress her niece's existence. The point of the story, which is written with fine insight and charm, is the girl's development, how she first feels a vague shadow over her at school, then learns the mystery of it, and finally finds that it threatens her love for a young American, whose mother naturally disapproves of such an undesirable alliance. But the old proverb gets fulfilled: "God builds the nest of the blind bird." After some mishaps and misunderstandings, love has its way with Agnes and Terry. Though the main thread of the story is thus rather grey, Miss Findlater has skilfully surrounded the principal figures with several minor characters who relieve the situation. The girl friends of Agnes, the older women, and above all Mrs. Milton, the housekeeper, are entertaining persons. Mrs. Milton is capital. She is of Betsy Prig's order, in its modern form. Thus, she cheerfully observes to Agnes, whom she is supposed to be nursing during measles, "I just poured them disinfectants an' Sanitus stuff on the geranium beds this mornin'! I don't 'old with none of them notions as to germs amon'st 'armless-

dust, and rubbidge of that sort. Hall the disinfectants in creation won't keep you from your coffin for an *hour*, if your distinct time's arrived. And this lady comin' by the afternoon train, Miss Briggs says; an 'ot supper for her—and Eliza wantin' out, an' all me own arrangements made for evensong!" Altogether we have to congratulate Miss Findlater on an excellent story, as good in its picture of young people as of old. Eight charming illustrations add to the book's value, and, not least of all, one has to thank the authoress for doing justice to Washington—the city.

THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Murray.)

The interest of Mrs. de la Pasture's novels always depends less upon her story than upon her manner of telling it; and this is especially so with "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square." The story in itself would be nothing if you were not drawn into fullest sympathy with the wistful, confiding little personality of Jeanne de Courset; but because she is made real and tenderly human to your imagination and takes fast hold upon your sympathies, the story of her charms you and absorbs your attention. A simple, country-bred girl, of aristocratic ancestry on her father's side, she is summoned to London by a wealthy great-aunt whom she has never seen, who is dying, and has resolved at last to make her acquaintance. You see the timorous, lonely little figure in the big downstairs rooms of the great house in the Square, whilst in her stately room upstairs the kindly, dignified old aunt is slowly passing out of life; then you see her, still alone in the big rooms waiting the return home of her adored twin-brother, who is destined never to come; and you are sensible of the innocent frankness, the unaffected winsomeness in her that make her little mistakes in matters of etiquette and convention less laughable than lovable, and that win everybody's affection and one man's love. There is no need to say more than that it is a delightful story, in every way worthy of its author's reputation, and that is saying a great deal.

THE DIAMOND SHIP. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

In "The Diamond Ship" Mr. Max Pemberton has given us one of the most striking stories of love and crime and adventure he has ever written. Ean Fabos, a brilliant, unofficial detective of the Sherlock Holmes breed, lights upon a vast criminal conspiracy, "so well organised, so widespread, so amazing in its daring that the police of all the civilised countries are unable either to imagine or to defeat it." The conspirators make their home on a huge and formidably armed ship; they plan and carry out their sensational diamond robberies with a cunning and a masterly skill that defy detection, until after long waiting and watching Ean gets a clue to their methods and to the personality of one of their number. The great fight on the Diamond Ship is a very vivid and thrilling piece of work. A charming love story runs elusively through all the scheming and intrigue and fighting and sterner romance of the book, which is vigorously and picturesquely written, and grips the reader's attention throughout.

THE OPENED SHUTTERS. By Clara Louise Burnham. 6s. (Constable.)

The humour and the pathos of "The Opened Shutters" are of the quaint, quiet kind that make "Cranford" such a perennial delight. You are made intimate with the men and women of the book, and because you are intimate with them and drawn into subtle sympathy with them, you are interested in every smallest detail that affects the life of any of them. Judge Trent had been engaged to Miss Lacey when they were both young, but a trifling misunderstanding had estranged them, and when they meet again years later and renew the old friendship, his habits are formed, he sees her with different eyes, and though she has remained faithful to him as he to her, he recognises that it was for the best that they were not married, and you read on, hoping he will not spoil the naturalness of the position by any change of this opinion, and you are not disappointed. The Judge's sister had married Miss Lacey's dissolute brother, and these two being dead their daughter Sylvia writes to say she is coming, and that as she has no other relatives in the world, she hopes one of them can give her a home. Neither of them want her; Judge Trent shuffles the responsibility of going to meet her on to his young partner Dunham and Miss Lacey, and at the hotel where they are to find her Sylvia overhears her aunt's complainings, realises that she is not wanted, and will go to neither of them; but for Dunham's tactful intervention, indeed, she would have returned and married a middle-aged actor, an old friend of her father's, and gone on the stage. In the end, or, rather, long before the end, the Judge and Miss Lacey are as anxious to win her love and to serve her as they had been at first to get rid of her; for Sylvia brings most of the charm and sweetness into the story. Most, but by no means all; Jacob Johnson, otherwise known as Thinkright, is surely one of the most delightful and most lovable old men who ever lived in the pages of a novel: he is a distant cousin of Sylvia's, of whom she had never heard, and Dunham gets him to intervene in time to prevent that running away and marrying of the deplorable actor, and under his influence Sylvia finds her true self, and a very winning and fascinatingly honest little self it proves to be. It is a story of quite uncommon fragrance and beauty.

THE SACRIFICE. By Alphonse Courlander. 6s. (Unwin.)

Good novels are so plentiful nowadays that they obscure each other; but a certain naked simplicity of design and quiet, grim strength of style give "The Sacrifice" a distinction and impressiveness that make it stand out from the general mass. It is not a story of the pleasant kind that is dear to the circulating libraries; it is just a piece of life, and life is not made up entirely or even chiefly of what is pretty and pleasant. You foresee the end from the beginning, but this takes nothing from your interest, for you cannot foresee by what force of chance and circumstance that end is to be hammered out. The man and woman of the story are primitive creatures as wholly and irresistibly moved by elemental passions and emotions as the first man and the first woman must have been. The good man who marries Mora for love and pity of her when the man she loves seems to have vanished and left her to her shame, is a faithful, honest, feeble person who can only sit down and cry when she goes away from him with the child that is not his; but the man she loves and goes away with is a splendid, raw barbarian, a natural, live survival from the stone age, walking untrammelled through a world that is fettered with the conventionalities of civilisation, and making those conventionalities seem petty and poorly artificial by contrast with his own fearless and undisciplined humanity. It is a story of great power and originality, a conscientious bit of work on which Mr. Courlander is to be warmly congratulated.

The Bookman's Table.

THE MAIN TENDENCIES OF VICTORIAN POETRY. By Arnold Smith. 5s. net. (Bournville: The St. George Press.)

We learn from the preface that the substance of these essays was contained in a series of University Extension lectures. Should that form of teaching rise generally to this standard, University Extension lectures will certainly gain more respect than they have hitherto received from lovers of literature as opposed to examiners and note-taking aspirants. For "The Main Tendencies of Victorian Poetry" is quite unexpectedly good. In relating the Victorian poets to the diversified thought of their period, the author takes Browning as the type of the poetry of optimism, Tennyson for the poetry of hope, Clough and Arnold for intellectual doubt, Fitzgerald and Swinburne for pessimism and revolt, and Rossetti and William Morris for neo-romanticism. On these lines, the connection between Victorian thought and poetry is very carefully worked out. If we may parody a well-known bit of doggerel, and say (with truth, the difference being temperamental) that

> Every little babe that's born
> Is Tennyson-i-an,
> Or a little Browningite,

then, although Mr. Arnold Smith keeps the scales very even, we should take him to have been a Browningite from his cradle up. He states that Browning "wrote many dramas—most of them very bad—and was the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare," and justifies his paradox by a peculiarly well-put comparison between the two poets and their ages. His criticism of Mrs. Browning, somewhat more

appreciative than present fashion demands, is of the sort that entices one to go back and read the poetry itself. That, in fact, and also—we had almost said an unacademic responsiveness to the thought and poetry of to-day, as well as of yesterday and the days before, are the main notes of Mr. Arnold Smith's volume. It is not very original perhaps; but it strikes so consistent a line between the divergencies of an immense mass of criticism, expresses itself with such felicity, coherence, and force, as practically to attain to originality. University Extension books cannot usually be read for pleasure. But this one can. It is neither high, dry and withered, nor is it sloppy, or scrappy, or pap for the uninformed.

THE MIDDLE COLONIES. By J. A. Doyle. 14s. (Longmans.)

THE COLONIES UNDER THE HOUSE OF HANOVER. By J. A. Doyle. 14s. (Longmans.)

In these two volumes Mr. Doyle continues a series which, under the title of "The English in America," appeared some twenty years ago. The first of these additions brings the history of the Middle Colonies down to the accession of the House of Hanover, at which point his earlier books had left the history of the Northern and Southern Colonies, and the second then carries the story of the whole body of colonies from that date down to the beginning of those disputes which resulted in the American War of Independence, and in separation from the Mother Country. Each of these books, therefore, deals with a comparatively short period of time, and their mere size is in itself no small testimony to the labour and research which Mr. Doyle has evidently expended upon them. It is unlikely that they will be much read except by the specialist, since they contain masses of information which has nowadays no general historical interest. Especially is this true of the first volume, in which the fortunes of the Dutch, Swedish, and British settlers are detailed to an almost inordinate length, and with a wealth of facts which make the story at times move somewhat slowly and obscurely. And what makes his task still more ungrateful, as Mr. Doyle somewhere complains, there is an almost total lack of outstanding figures who have stamped their individuality upon the communities. New England in its early days was to some degree an exception, but everywhere else it is with the life of the community, rather than with life of any individual member thereof, that the conscientious historian must concern himself. Mr. Doyle is nothing if not conscientious, and in his efforts to avoid the mistake of manufacturing "an image of greatness out of materials in which it has no existence," he has not, perhaps, always done that justice to such men as Penn and Peter Stuyvesant which they deserve. There is altogether more life about the second book. The main interest has now become external and not internal. "External pressure, exercised by the Mother Country, becomes the main factor in colonial history, and is met in some cases by persistent and unintelligent resistance, in other cases by co-operation, occasionally strenuous, more often carefully qualified and fenced in by conditions." Mr. Doyle opens this book with a general survey of the social conditions of the colonies, and has several amusing anecdotes about Boston life. A conjuror who, in 1712, had given a performance without permission, in that staid and decorous city, was forbidden to repeat the performance. Dancing was only "allowed to slide in by being coupled with such useful attainments as reading, writing, cyphering, and the use of the needle." And the Boston ladies "visit, drink tea, and indulge every little piece of gentility to the height of the mode, and neglect the affairs of their families with as good a grace as the finest ladies in London." Another interesting chapter is that devoted to the literary and intellectual development of the colonies. One has only to read the diary of Ezra Stiles, with his casual references to his reading Voltaire and Lucian, to see that the education to be got at Harvard and Yale was excellent, and Mr. Doyle very lightly ascribes much of the unhappy attitude of England to her not understanding that "the average Boston trader grew up in a mental atmosphere every whit as stimulating to the mind as that which surrounded the boyhood of an average member of Parliament." The volume ends with a chapter on the conquest of Canada, interesting as containing certain reflections and observations which are often lost sight of. The conquest of Canada, Mr. Doyle declares, destroyed on its military side "whatever respect and confidence the colonists felt towards the Mother Country." The defeats of the war did much to alienate the dependencies from the Mother Country; the successes little to bind them together. Altogether these two books should certainly add to Mr. Doyle's reputation as a painstaking, broad-minded historian, who, if he has failed sometimes to bring out the scenes as clearly before our eyes as we could wish, always writes clearly and concisely, and is by no means inclined to take his opinions ready-made from the works of previous historians in the same field.

FROM WEST TO EAST. By Sir Hubert Jerningham. 15s. (John Murray.)

There is something rather appropriate about the concluding words of this book bearing the address "Atlantic, 29 May," because one feels altogether "at sea" as to why it should have been written. Not that Sir Hubert Jerningham has not produced a very readable and pleasantly told story of a recent journey round the world, but he has come rather too late. India has been very thoroughly "written up" lately, owing to the tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Manchuria and the war have been even more exhaustively treated, and Japan, with all her gift for rapid advance, cannot have made any very great progress since Lord Redesdale described what he saw during the visit of the Garter Mission. Apart, however, from this objection, we have no fault to find with the book itself. Sir Hubert Jerningham is no globe-trotter jotting down the ordinary stereotyped information. He does, it is true, borrow from predecessors, but he always has his own standpoint, and his pages are brightened by many little stories, and by a literary flavour which carry us willingly forward to the end. We start in Paris, travel through India, explore Japan pretty thoroughly, fight over again some of the most famous engagements outside Port Arthur, return once more to Japan, cross the Pacific, on the other side of which we see San Francisco in ruins, and so across to New York and the Atlantic. It is rather a breathless scurry of six months, but of these two months are spent in Japan, and the chapters dealing with this period are decidely the most entertaining and instructive in the book. A special word of praise should be given to the illustrations, which are really first-class, and very considerably add to the usefulness and value of the volume. Three appendices are also given, including Admiral Togo's Report of the Battle of the Sea of Japan.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

Those who take an interest in Arabic would fain believe, with Professor Margoliouth, that there is going to come a revival of that ancient literature. Not long ago, a Syrian gentleman published an Arabic translation of the Iliad, and although the mythology of it is incomprehensible to such of his readers as are ignorant of Greek civilisation, yet at the banquet which was held at Cairo to celebrate the completion of his work, it may be pardonable if the diners thought that this was but the first of a long series of important works in Arabic. There is, indeed, a modern school which writes in the spirit of the modern world. And if the Beduins have really kept themselves in much the same condition as they were during the century before the rise of Islam, there does not seem to be an ethnic reason why the glories of the "Age of Ignorance" should not be repeated now. Islam, with its depressing, levelling effect, is very light upon the spirit of the Beduin; it would not therefore be surprising if a great elemental poet were to be born amongst them. We could naturally not expect from them what was the fruit of Arabian culture, works on astronomy, on history, on medicine, on alchemy; for these were the works of the settled Arabs, who were splendid in their rise and are as hopeless in their fall. One of the sciences they cultivated was geography. We have the works of men who travelled far and wide, observing narrowly. But in this branch there were, of course, no women. There has never been, apparently there never will be, an Arabian Miss Bell. But we can console ourselves for the loss of her, seeing what has been produced by the Miss Bell that is. Indeed she is a little too much of an Arab; she believes that the beginning of "Antara's poem is genuine, whereas the lines

in which he laments that nothing remains to be sung are almost certainly an interpolation; just as the Koslims, more pious in religion than in literature, were wont to substitute the name of Allah for that of a pagan god when he was celebrated by the pre-Islamic poets." But Miss Bell understands the Arabs as few others have done. She gives us most delightful conversations; she admits us to the Arab's tent and to his mind. Also there are a host of illustrations, dealing with the monuments and with the people. A good many travellers in this part of the world are accustomed to idealise; Miss Bell's illustrations are from admirable photographs, her frontispiece is by Sargent. And just as little as these two are accustomed to idealise the outer form, so little does she swerve from truth in her illuminating book.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO

Whatever its qualities, a work which is the result of nearly twenty years' labour would deserve some attention and respect. We cannot say more in praise of Mr. W. Gurney Benham's **Book of Quotations** (10s. 6d. net) than that the result is not disproportionate to the time involved. The vastness of the undertaking may be inferred from the fact that the volume contains more than thirty-two thousand references, and is drawn from more than thirteen hundred authors. There are twelve hundred and eighty pages, and the collection includes not only quotations, but very valuable lists of proverbs, phrases, technical terms, etc., etc. Since we received the volume we have had occasion to test it many times, and it has never failed us. With a wide knowledge of similar books, we unhesitatingly express the opinion that this book is quite unrivalled. It is a veritable treasure-house, and to speak its praises is a privilege and a duty.

MESSRS. F. WARNE AND CO.

The Dawn of To-morrow is a new story by Frances Hodgson Burnett (2s. 6d. net), with coloured illustrations, telling of a rich but hopeless man who goes out and loses himself in London for the purpose of committing suicide. He is in a morbid state, mentally and physically, and he is determined to end the misery. He goes among the desperately poor, he sees want and sin at close quarters, and in the end he determines that there is so much to live to do that he goes back to use his power aright. The little story holds morals, and is calculated to teach lessons. It is pathetic, and is told in Mrs. Burnett's genuinely sympathetic manner.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

A refreshing and vivid volume, without a touch of pedantry, comes from the pen of Professor T. G. Tucker. He calls it **Life in Ancient Athens** (5s.), and in it mirrors the social and public life of a classical Athenian from day to day. Chapter by chapter the author rebuilds and repeoples Athens for us; and when this is done he singles out his citizen, whom he names Pasicles, and without a jarring note, or a flying in the face of taste, he shows him to us in his day of work and pleasure, and shows us also how modern, in a sense, the classical Athenian was. The volume, which is one of Messrs. Macmillan's "Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities," is full of sound teaching, and quite attractively off the beaten path.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

Mr. Edward Hutton, in his **Perugino** (2s. net and 2s. 6d. net), adds a distinguished little volume to Messrs. Duckworth's "Popular Library of Art." In kindly criticism he notes the general "sweetness" of this fifteenth century Umbrian artist, the "sweetness" which lacks something of strength of the highest genius. The spirituality, however, of Perugino's masterpieces, the loveliness of his skies and backgrounds, as well as the mannerisms and lack of virility which too often prevented his work from reaching the highest standard, are pointed out and dwelt upon by Mr. Hutton; and in view of the discussion which has lately taken place regarding the Perugino forgery in our National Gallery, as well as by reason of the general interest of this early master, the volume is one to read with benefit and study with pleasure.

MESSRS. ALSTON RIVERS, LTD.

Anyone who has ever read Mrs. Mary E. Mann's "Patten Experiment" will be prepared to find pleasure and amusement in a narrative in which people of a gentle upbringing take it into their heads to go and "rough it" in some spot where luxuries, and comfort even, do not exist. Mr. Thomas Cobb, in his latest novel, **The Amateur Emigrants** (6s.), shows us a quartette of charming persons—to be correct, a trio in the wake of a crank—who, making believe that a piece of estate in the country is a tract of virgin soil in a newly discovered land, go to it and camp there as emigrants, and induce others to follow, with the noble idea of colonising. The theme, in Mr. Thomas Cobb's hands, is as light, bright, and effective as we might count on its being. The sufferings and subterfuges of the chaperone, the varied incapacity of the colonists, the sturdy persistence (with reasonable concessions) of the promoter, the enchantments of a beautiful neighbour, and the satisfactory ending of a humorous situation, all these, manipulated by this author, form a book which may be smiled through without cessation.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

We welcome the appearance of the twentieth volume of that indispensable reference-book for collectors, **Book-Prices Current** (27s. 6d. net). The volume contains close on seven thousand entries, and records the results of nearly fifty important sales. The selection of items is marked by the editor's wonted judgment and care, the guiding principle being based on, but not wholly dependent on, the values realised. The practice of drawing a hard and fast line in books realising a pound and upwards has been wisely discarded, with the result that the book gains in variety and usefulness. The index is in every respect a model one, and the work as a whole certainly justifies the editor's belief that it "may fairly be regarded as one of the best of the series, and decidedly superior in point of everyday utility to most."

MESSRS. T. C. AND E. C. JACK.

Mr. William Ewing takes quite the right standpoint in his "foreword" to his travel-book on **Arab and Druze at Home** (5s. net). He declares that "the number of books published regarding Palestine proves the exhaustless fascination of the subject," and we admit that he well proves the case for himself. Mr. Ewing makes the less known lands beyond Jordan very clear and real to us. He has the faculty for suggesting the mystery and the glamour which still rests on these parts, though it is often difficult to feel these in the more travelled-over parts. He also aptly connects the old Bible and its customs with the ways and doings of the men and women of the present day. The illustrations also are fresh and full of newer ideas respecting the Arabs and their land.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

If we are to have "Selections"—and we must, for the sake of house-room and portability, not to speak of the justice so done to poets by the effect gained by the massing of their best—we could not wish for a better working series than that published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack under the general title of "The Golden Poets." Several of the volumes have already reached us, but none has given us more genuine pleasure than the latest comer, **The Poems of Herrick** (2s. 6d. net), selected, and enhanced by an introduction by Canon Beeching. Canon Beeching gives us the few known and necessary facts regarding Herrick's life, but is chiefly concerned with that life as revealed, or mis-revealed, in his poems, and with the worth, the style, and the characteristics of the poems themselves. He takes the view that Herrick's love-poems should not be received as autobiographical, and considers that the Perilla, Julia, Electra, Anthea, and other ladies to whom he sang were but creatures of his imagination, and that Herrick was truly less grey than he painted himself at times. Of the poet's sincerity, Canon Beeching has no hearty assurance to give us, but for his wonderful metrical skill he has high praise.

M. Reinach's most excellent manual of art-history, now given under its original title of **Apollo** (6s. net), has been thoroughly revised by the author; and, with slight additions, made with his approval, in the "British" sections, is now presented afresh. This illustrated manual of "the history of art throughout the ages" is so well known among European peoples that to criticise it would be much the same as to criticise one's "Bradshaw"—it is unique and it is a necessity. There is, however, nothing of guide-book about "Apollo." The work is translated from the French by Florence Simmonds, and published by Mr. W. Heinemann.

New Books of the Month.

JANUARY 10TH TO FEBRUARY 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Anon.—The Fifth Gospel, being the Pauline Interpretation of the Christ, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)

ATWOOD, REV. H. C., M.A., M.D.—At His Feet, 2s. 6d. (Wells, Gardner)

A volume dealing largely with faith, the difficulties of those who come to the word of God as to a new thing, and have not the enormous aid of a gradually acquired habit of faith. The writer tells of the words and deeds of Christ as expressions of the Almighty will, and draws from them lessons on forgiveness, thankfulness, adoration, attention and sympathy, among other teachings.

BEECHING, H. C., D.Litt., and ALEXANDER NAIRNE, M.A.—The Bible Doctrine of Atonement, 2s. 6d. net (John Murray)

These are the six lectures given in Westminster Abbey during last Lent. At a period when the question of the doctrine of Atonement is so much before us, it is well to have so sane, so lucid, and whole-hearted a conviction put before the public. Men and women reading these pages may feel that the teaching is not the outcome of a mood or an emotion, but the working creed of men who are scholars, thinkers, and Christians, bound by the terms which control these lectures to be "learned and orthodox divines."

DEANE, ANTHONY, M.A.—Friends and Fellow Labourers of St. Paul, 1s. 6d. ..... (Wells, Gardner)

By his intelligent and reverent piecing together of the references in the Bible to certain friends of the Apostle Paul, Mr. Deane not only gives us a little book of fresh and pertinent thoughts, but he impresses us with the interest and value of the references to the lesser characters in the New Testament. He makes them live as for many of us they have never lived before, and the human side of St. Paul's character is brought

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